







GRANNY

Gustafson, Granville

GRANVILLE

TALES AND TAIL SPINS

FROM

A FLYER'S DIARY



Designed by "Granny" and worn by all U. S. Bombers.

THE ABINGDON PRESS

NEW YORK

CINCINNATI

II 570
.9
.G8

Copyright, 1919, by
GILBERT GUTTERSEN



001 -3 1919

©Cl. A535143

201

TO THE MEMORY OF GRANVILLE
AND TO THE THOUSANDS WHO
HELPED TO WIN THE WAR ON
THIS SIDE, THIS RECORD OF
SERVICE IS DEDICATED.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Granny.....	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
A Perfect Formation }	
Granny's Own Ship }	14
Ship Meets Ship }	
"Some Pancake" }	16
"The" Bombing Crew—"Granny" and "Bill" ..	36
Stunting for the Camera }	
Above the Clouds }	94
Vernon Castle's Fatal Fall }	
"Nose In" }	106
Loving Cup.....	176

PREFACE

GRANVILLE'S great love for humanity and his spirit of service, his loyalty to his friends and his country were forces which made it impossible for him to long withstand the urge of his inner spirit which demanded that he add his bit to the side of freedom and justice in the great world struggle.

Only what he considered the most hazardous branch of the service satisfied his fearless spirit. It was not love of adventure which impelled him. He knew gay and happy Europe of old from months of travel there. To him it was not a strange land, full of new attractions, to which he was going. It was a fierce, stern battlefield which he must reach that he might measure his strength—succeed or sacrifice, and perchance both—in the great struggle for humanity.

Because he thought a flyer would be among the first to have this opportunity he could not rest until he had applied for and passed, with signal success, the searching

physical examination prescribed for all candidates for the Flying Corps of the United States Army. Not even the big inducements held out to the athlete of unusual ability could deter him. His keen sense of fair play and a square deal, emphasized by his successes on the football field and basketball floor, but added to his already overwhelming desire to get into action.

In August, 1917, he was accepted and awaited his call, but he was doomed for disappointment. In diving from a high tower he met with a serious accident which left him paralyzed and helpless for some time. The doctors could not determine just how badly he was hurt, but finally decided that it would be several months at least before he could hope to be fit for service.

To make matters worse, his "call" came at just this time, and nothing short of real heroism carried "Granny" through the next four months. He entered the University of Minnesota, became president of his class, made the Freshman football team and was pledged to Beta Theta Pi, yet through it all he was only waiting to get into condition for the "Service."

When at last he was allowed to take a second examination, he passed it satisfactorily and entered the service December 12, and Ground School at Austin, Texas, December 29. Apparently, with all unforeseen obstacles removed, he might reasonably expect to see the fulfillment of his one great desire, and after a few months of intensive work, reach the scene of action across the Atlantic.

Though he met with every success in training, he failed to get across, and this failure caused him the greatest anguish of soul. His study and work, his trials and pleasures, were only what thousands of boys went through—the thousands of boys who, crushed with disappointment, still fought the good fight “over here,” but, fighting, could not feel they were fulfilling the full function of war until they had met the enemy face to face. They could not make themselves agree with Roosevelt, who said: “We know these boys showed their loyalty and patriotism in their readiness to do duty in whatever position they were given, and this is what counted. The hardest task was for the men who were denied the chance of

glory; and if they did this task well and served faithfully whatever they were assigned, they have the *same right* to take pride in their participation in the war as any of the gallant fellows who came back maimed and crippled. All alike have made us forever debtors, and to all alike we pay the same meed of loyal admiration and respect."

F. M. B.

GROUND SCHOOL, AUSTIN, TEXAS,

January 2, 1918.

DEAR FOLKS:

Well! I've been shot for the first time! An M.D. shot me with typhoid inoculation. I was vaccinated day before yesterday. O.K. so far.

I passed my week's work—V.G.Plus (100%) in one subject, and V.G. (90%) in the other, and I'm still fooling them. Hit them for V.G.'s. in everything this week. I sure was lucky, and maybe I'm not happy. Say, I'd go crazy if I felt much better! I've got a smile on that you could button in the back. I get some new subjects every week, though, so I may find a "sticker" yet, but as long as luck breaks even and the Lord is with me I'll be all right. I'm not going out a single night until I get "promoted" to Flying School. If I shouldn't get "promoted," you'll see a Murphy or O'Brien enlisting in the Royal Flying Corps—*but I'm going to get through.*

Conditions are remarkably fine as far as

morals are concerned. Sometimes a "rough-neck" gets in, but in a day or two he packs up and disappears—"transferred." The handkerchief and dollar arrived O.K. with the dollar bill on the outside. It lay on my bed all day before I got it. Some swell bunch!

O, the army sure is an awful place all right! Out of seven of us who bunk together in one end of the "Porch" only one boy even smokes. I'd like to see you find seven boys in civil life like that! One comes from Texas, one from Denver, one from the University of Washington, and two from Illinois University, and one from Ohio, and all are princes. Almost all the men are college graduates. In my squad of eight men there is one, Carrol by name, who wrote the music to "So Long, Letty" and a lot of other popular stuff. He composes songs about incidents here right along, and we learn them when on the march. We get an hour and a half of drill and three quarters of an hour calisthenics in the morning and two hours of drill in the afternoon. We are supposed to know enough drill to enable us to take charge of a company when we get out.

I was just interrupted by a shout, "Grades up!" and we all piled out to the bulletin board. It took me about fifteen seconds to shove my way through and see my grades. It pays to be a big fellow sometimes. I passed "jake." Missed a string of V.Gs., but got nothing lower than a G., so I should worry.

I have now finished in Military Law, Military Subjects, Infantry Drill, Army Regulations, Hygiene, Airplanes, Rigging of Airplanes, Repair of Airplanes, Silhouettes of Airplanes, Nomenclature of Airplanes, Care of Airplanes and Engines (the hardest of them all and I got 90 in the final).

Next week come finals in Map Drawing, Map Reading, Meteorology, Artillery Observation, Aerial Observation, Aids to Flight, Trap Shooting, Range Shooting, Bombing, Automatic Sight, Machine Guns, Contact Patrol, Night Flying, Cross-Country Flying, Reconnaissance, Instruments, Miniature Range, Pin Point Location, Wireless, Radio Outfits, and Conventional Signs.

They only ask two or three questions on

each subject, but you must know it all or you get a "bust," and I don't want to get a "bust" for several reasons.

In wireless, if you miss two letters out of fifty (per minute) you "bust." The kid across from me missed a couple and the tears started to roll down his cheeks, so I kicked the empty chair over next to me and it made a big racket and they had to start the test all over again. When we got out of the room the kid knew why I had done it and he was so darn glad he could hardly talk. He got all the letters perfect the second time.

Before I take a test I shut my eyes and picture the white wings an aviator wears over his heart, and then I say a little prayer and take my pen and knock hell out of the questions.

This week the major received a telegram from Washington asking for fifty volunteers to go into a new special bombing and contact patrol school. After thinking it over, I handed in my name, as it looked good to me, and *I believe I can get across quicker in this bunch.* I'll telegraph if I make it.

GRANNY.

TELEGRAM

AUSTIN, TEXAS—12:15 P. M.—'18.

Graduated today—Leave for Houston
Tuesday—Happiest boy on earth.

GRANNY. 1:09 P. M.

ELLINGTON FIELD, HOUSTON, TEXAS.

February 16, 1918.

DEAR FOLK:

I suppose you got my telegram about graduating. I was so darn glad I didn't know what to do. Because of Washington's Birthday, we took our finals a day ahead of time. They gave us twenty-four hours notice, but caught about forty fellows "asleep at the switch." They called us all into a room and gave us a little talk about wishing they could read off more names, but "some have scholastic difficulties detaining them," etc. They strung us along for a while and then—(Hurrah! Interrupted by orders telling me my flying begins to-morrow, seven to ten. Say! Maybe I'm not happy!)

Well—to go back—I sure am lucky!
After all the talk they picked only fifteen

men to go to the flying field and they were the highest from both academic and military standpoints. The major said we should feel real honored, and I do. There are two cadet captains, three first lieutenants and four second lieutenants in the crowd, so I'm in fast company. I should worry! I'll stack myself up with any of them. . . . O, darn it! I can't write! I feel too good!

By the way, you remember Fred Hartman, the Canadian Dog Race winner? His bunk is third from mine and he has his lead dog with him. I'm crazy about this place! The airplanes or "ships" fill the air all the time, and when you see a formation of twenty or thirty way up in the air they look like a bunch of mosquitoes or bees coming home to hive at sunset. Poetic as the dickens!

Love,

GRANNY.

ELLINGTON FIELD, HOUSTON, TEXAS,

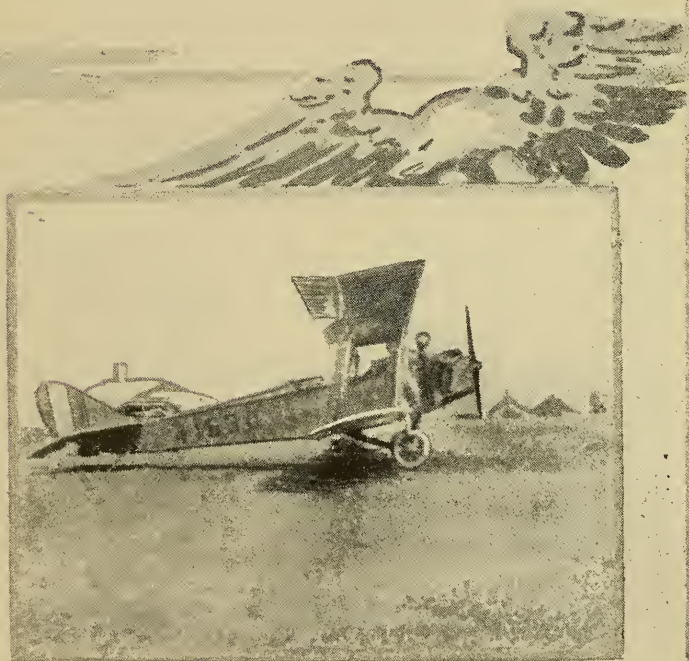
March, 1918.

DEAR FOLKS:

I'm sure having the time of my life! I have flying from eight to twelve in the morning and six-thirty to eight-thirty in the



A Perfect Formation



Granny's Own Ship

evening and it sure is great. I'm not training for a pilot but will get practical bombing practice after a bit. However, I've learned to run the ship already, and with a few hours' practice on take-offs and landings I'd take a ship anywhere in a forty-mile wind.

I can truthfully say I wasn't a darn bit scared at any time. I've got almost too much confidence, for I don't even feel a thrill when we leave the ground. There are some accidents, of course, but that's all in the game, and I wish you could be as free from worry as I am. You would be too if you had the feeling of confidence inside of you that I have.

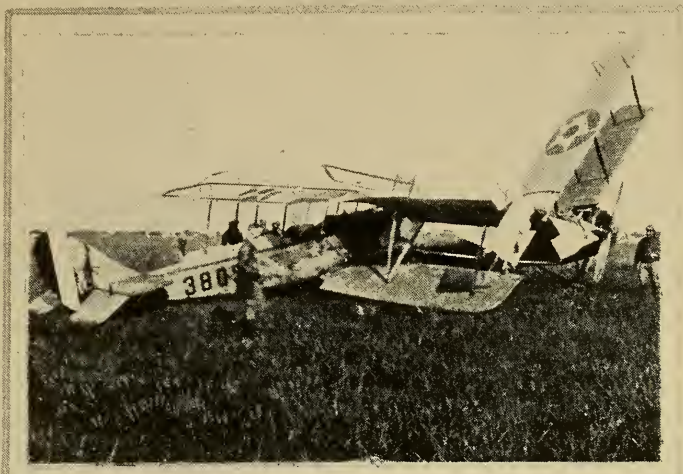
Perhaps I ought not to tell any of this, but I will, just to show why I am so confident of safety. I've seen nine fatal accidents. One of the boys who came with me was killed to-day and one is in the hospital. I tossed up a quarter with the kid who got killed to see which of us would go up in the first ship, and I won and went up. After we got up a ways we made a turn and I looked around to watch the kid in the other ship make his turn. He went into a tail

spin, nose down first. I've still got the quarter. The Lord's with me I'm sure.

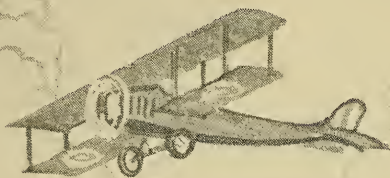
On my first trip the pilot tried to scare me out by making some pretty stiff banks, but it's great stuff to look down between the wings and see the ground directly underneath. Then he tried some zooms (a short dive and then a rise until you lose speed and are about to start a tail-slide, not tail-spin, and then you nose out again). I turned around and laughed at him, so he climbed up a ways and shut off the engine and did a spiral down. He shut off the engine so I could hear him and said, "Engine's dead!" I looked around at him, and he put on a scared look and when he started to go down in a tight spiral he said, "Tail spin!" But forewarned is forearmed, so I said, "Nuts! Let her ride!" It was a great ride.

But even a bad spill doesn't necessarily mean that you get killed. My pilot fell—when alone—two thousand feet in a tail-spin and hit the ground, nose down, at about two hundred miles per hour and he got a nose bleed!

One of the things which impressed me most was the bumpiness of the air caused by



Ship meets Ship



"Some Pancake "

pockets or ascending columns of air resulting from unequal heating of the earth's crust. Sometimes you feel the ship drop and the next minute you get a bump from underneath or on one wing that sets you rolling or tossing like a ship at sea, but with sudden starts and stops as in an elevator. Another thing is the fact that you have no idea of the speed except for the wind. It seems as though you were barely moving, and it looks as though the other machines were floating in the air; but when you shut off the engine and dive, you get down in less time than it takes to tell it, and then, when you skim over the ground, you get an idea of the speed you're going. It's a great game as long as you keep your head, but if you don't you're a hindrance in the service anyway.

Our instructor said we might pick our pilots from among the R.M.A. (advanced flyers), and the chances are we will go to France together—*possibly in May!* But, of course, that's not certain. We may go to an aerial gunnery school from here at another flying field in Texas. This field is supposed to be the largest in the world and the most advanced in the U. S.

I received the box and the pair of gray socks. Many, many thanks! The socks fit great. You can't imagine how good they feel. Also, I got the cake Sis sent, and it sure was fine. If she made it, I'll congratulate her—and so will about forty other fellows here.

Love,
GRANNY.

ELLINGTON FIELD, HOUSTON, TEXAS,

April, 9, 1918.

DEAR SIS:

It has been some time since I've written. I've finished the Aerial Gunnery course here but will go to an advanced school before long, I hope. It has been about the most interesting work I've done.

Two ships, assigned to certain parts of the country, go up and maneuver against each other, first in a cloud and then out, each trying to sneak up on the other. We have kodaks built and operated like machine guns except that they take pictures of our shots. The following day we go over all our shots and see which ship scored the more hits and what correction our work needs.

This fighting in the air is fine stuff! The

only part I don't care for is that I have to unstrap to work the kodak right, and with my pilot pulling stunts to keep the other ship from getting a shot at us, it keeps me busy staying in the ship. I fasten my straps to my legs, between my knees and ankles, so that if I should fall out I would be held until I could climb back in.

My good luck is still with me. Saturday was the first day in three weeks that I haven't gone up with my pilot and the first time that I ever went up with any other pilot. But my man was late, so I got in another ship and went up. Coming back we saw a wreck and spiraled and got a good look at it. We recognized "The Ark" (It's funny how you can recognize a ship!), and I knew my pilot had got his first spill. He came out O.K. and took up another ship and he feels relieved, for until you've had your first spill you "have it coming" and worry about it. He has been a little blue lately, anyway, as he lost his two pals in an accident a while ago.

I saw a great smash-up this morning. When a fellow smashes five ships he's a "cadet ace." Well, I guess some fellow must

have gotten a sudden desire to become an ace, because he smashed up three ships before he smashed up himself. I saw him when he started the fancy work and yelled, "Heads up! Wild ship!" When he came for us you should have seen us scatter. I made tracks at about nothing flat. They weren't much hurt. The fellow in the back seat was out before the ship turned over, and the pilot wasn't much behind him. He looked mighty sheepish when he crawled through the broken struts and canvas. We all gave him the laugh and pulled supposedly clever remarks for his benefit. The ambulance was only about one hundred yards off, so the doctor jumped out with his big two-edged ax and four-foot wire cutter and that made it all the funnier. The ambulance carries these and a hatchet and saw to use in cutting away wreckage in a hurry.

Sometimes we have a fog which makes it bad for night flying. It is pretty lonesome work, especially when the fog obstructs the lights from all the farms below and only a few dim lights from the field can be seen. If they go out because of the fog, or the electric power fails, as it did once, you're

out of luck. All you run your ship by is "the feel," for it's pitch black all around and only a dim light on the field below. You have small lights on your wing tips so that you can be seen by other ships, but they give only a small, sickly glow.

If you get above the fog you are liable to lose yourself and then, with no landing lights, you begin to think what a darn little thing your existence is, compared to the universe in general, and begin to worry about the other fellow in the ship—and he is worrying about you. You dive down about one thousand feet, with your engine throttled, and the wires start at a hum, and then they sing, and then they shriek, as the speed increases. You watch your altimeter, so that you don't go too low, and then you bank, first one way and then another, and look and hunt for the glow through the fog which indicates home. You think you've found it a dozen times but you're "seeing things."

You've got gas enough for a half hour more and you console yourself with the fact that a lot of things may happen in that time. The fog can blow away or you can fly out

over the ocean, or your engine might fail or get on fire, or the ship tail-spin or a dozen other things. You look around at your pilot and smile, and, although you can't see his face, you know he smiles back and you feel better. Some one is in the ship beside you, and somehow you know you'll get back "jake" and, if you don't, you know you can be in some awful smashes and not get killed, or even hurt badly.

Then you see a glow way off to the left and you point to it and the ship comes around with a bank that almost pushes you through the seat and you dive toward home! Sure enough! It's the field, and you see the signal light has been set to land. Say, maybe the ground doesn't feel good when the wheels first strike! You unfasten the straps and climb out and don't say a darn word but walk over to the fire where the other fellows are, and you notice the ambulance is gone and two crews are missing. They lit upside down, or rather, dug their noses in and turned over on their backs because of miscalculations in the fog and hurry to get down. They are not hurt badly, though, so you lie down on your coat beside

the fire and wait for the fog to clear up and try it again. There were two smashes out of five in our sector, and one out of four in the other; but no one was hurt, so what's the difference? Last week when a sudden fog came up they were not so lucky.

Say, that jacket sure is a peach and just the stuff! I was up nine thousand feet and the rest of them darn near froze (anyway they got good and chilly) but I didn't notice the cold. I can't begin to tell you how I appreciate it. I got a drag with the Kewee Bevo in charge of repairs (Kewee—a non-flying bird; Bevo—a shave tail or second lieutenant), and he gave me a part of a "prop" we broke that I'll send home the first chance I get.

So long,
GRANNY.

ELLINGTON FIELD, HOUSTON, TEXAS,

May 13, 1918.

DEAREST MOTHER:

I just came from the barracks. A fellow came in one end and said, "All men unassigned for this morning fall out for fatigue." That means raking up the lawn, and by the time he got down to our end we were all

on our way to the "Y." The "Y" sure is a wonderful place, and I like to come here.

You don't know how tickled I was to get those pictures. I didn't take a single photo with me, so you can't begin to know how glad I was to have that family group. Many thanks! I'm glad I had my snaps taken when I did, as my facial beauty is somewhat marred just at present—nothing serious but a little scratched and swollen. I'm afraid I'll have to have some work done on my teeth as soon as they get over being tender. I tried to bite a piece out of the cowl on the ship but didn't succeed very well.

It's been bad weather for flying lately, hot and gusty, therefore bumpy; but I've been putting in one or two hours practice every afternoon on landings and take-offs, for I can fly in the air in any sort of weather, but the real test for a flyer is his landings. There is always a pilot with me, as no "bomber" is allowed to "solo," but for four days he never touched the controls, and that was in the worst flying weather. Once I did a "ground immelman," but the officer in charge said, "Unavoidable accident." Most of the fellows didn't have nerve enough to

do landing work in that weather, but I figure if I can learn to land in bad weather I'll have nothing to worry about, while others don't look ahead any farther than their next date in town. My pilot is a fine, clean, broad fellow and advises me all the time. Yesterday we practiced stunts. By the way, don't think practicing stunts is unnecessary and dangerous, for a fellow who goes across the lines in France and can't "stunt" usually doesn't come back. It's your life insurance over there.

To-morrow is "Mother's Day," and I wish I could be home to go to church with you. But I'll be there in spirit anyway. Almost every kid in the barracks has spoken of to-morrow being "Mother's Day," and reminded the other fellows.

You said you wished you could really do something more besides stay at home and do what little you can there in war work, conservation, Liberty Bond, and Red Cross work, etc. Well, you know how important such work is, and, what is more, not being egotistical either, you've done what thousands of other mothers have done; but what is really greater than giving millions and

that is sending off a son with a smile. A millionaire who gives his millions isn't in it with a mother who does that.

I just happened to think of a mother I met on my way here. In the smoking compartment were four traveling men who knew just how to win the war—good advice for Germany. To escape them I went into the day coach where I could read in peace. But it was "from the frying pan into the fire." There was a mother there from Brown County, Kansas, and she sat down beside me and asked me if I had heard that the Brown County boys were going to leave immediately for France. And when I answered, "No," she said, "It's the truth." And what's worse, "They've picked the Brown County boys to lead the charge on Berlin as soon as they get to France." Then she wanted to know if I thought "that was the right thing to do." It seemed she and her husband, who is a Civil War veteran, had had quite an argument as to the advisability of the "charge on Berlin." I started to tell her I didn't think it very likely when she interrupted me with: "O, it's terrible! Terrible! What is the world coming to?"

and then she started in crying. I agreed with her. It sure was "terrible." When she recovered sufficiently I found she was on her way to "cheer up" her son, one of the Brown County boys. I asked her why her husband didn't come with her, and found out he was left home to "tend the stock." "Besides," she added, "he couldn't never cheer up John the way I can. O, it's terrible! Terrible!"—and another burst of tears. I escaped, unnoticed, during the shower, but decided it sure would be "terrible" for John and the Brown County boys when this well-meaning old lady tries to "cheer them up."

By the way, I've got a new girl. I get a new one every week or so. Safety lies in numbers, you know. I met her at the M.E. church. She drives a Ford—two years in college, three out—Irish but a German name—not especially good looking—dresses becomingly—swims like a fish—a good scout, and as funny as a hind wheel on a hearse.

It's bad judgment to put this next, but I'm broke and have no money. I'm living above my income (\$75) I admit, but it costs

every time you go to town and clothes and grub, etc. I can say, though, that I've not lost any money gambling, if that's any satisfaction to you. There is some going on, but I keep out of it. None of the debts are due until pay day (whenever that comes) but I'd rather pay up here and owe you money if you can lend me some. Then we may move most any time, and maybe not for a month or two, but I'll need money for traveling expenses and equipment.

I found out to-day that my recommendation for a commission went in some weeks ago, but goodness knows when Washington will see fit to send it. I've also heard that the office here is waiting merely for permission from Washington to commission us. But this is a new branch of the service and it takes time. There has been an awful lot of red tape and seeming unnecessary delay in this work, and it looks sometimes as though we will be here forever, but I'm getting so I don't worry about reverses but keep "coming along."

I was told to purchase a Military Instructor's book, but they've got a slim chance of ever making an instructor in bombing out of

me. I've had an argument, or "hearing," about it already. Just because a fellow is in the first class to get through is no reason why they should slip over some stay-at-home job on him. I'll resign and go as a buck private in the infantry first.

Must close now, but, even though this message might come late for "Mother's Day," it's to you, mother, whose good thoughts have helped me always, that this letter comes with my fervent wishes for your happiness.

Love,

GRANNY.

A SENTIMENT FROM HIS FAMILY WHICH "GRANNY" ALWAYS CARRIED WITH HIM

WE never look into the sky
Or see a patch of cloud go by,
But what we seem to see his hand
Waving a greeting to the land,
And breaking through the darkest cloud
We find his happy smile—and proud.

"Somewhere," we say, "Granny's up there,
Serving his country in the air."

We think each cloud that dots the sky
Has seen our boy in passing by.
We wonder if it knows his name
And if across our view it came
Some bit of cheering news to tell,
To say that he is fine and well.

We fancy every breeze above
Brings us a message of his love.

He seemed to know that some day he
Would sail the eagles' lonely sea,
And since he's made his choice and said
He'll serve his country overhead,
And risk the dangers of the sky
To keep Old Glory floating high,

We'll gamely SMILE, and breathe a prayer
To God to guard our boy up there.

Commissioned Second Lieutenant,
May 25, 1918.

SAN LEON AERIAL GUNNERY SCHOOL,
HOUSTON, TEXAS, June, 1918.

DEAR FOLKS:

I haven't heard from you since I received

my commission and thought perhaps you hadn't received my telegram, so I was glad when one of the boys wrote me that you knew it. I suppose father got home and you had the news from him. I sure was glad to see him.

At present, and most likely for a month or more, I am at the San Leon Aerial Gunnery School. It's located about half a mile from the water and twelve feet above sea level. (At the time of the last storm, 1915, this place was rather wet.) It's in the part of the country that "God forgot." It's all free range land around here, so we see any number of herds of horses and cattle. We do all our air shooting out over the water, but we could shoot in any direction and never come within three miles of a house.

We live in tents with no floors and it rained and stormed on three successive nights, and my tent (three in a tent) was about the only one that stayed up all three nights. We have no lighting facilities and are seven miles from town, and the only way to get there is to walk, so when it gets dark we've got to go to bed. The mosquitoes aren't bad, as we have a mosquito bar over

our beds, but, because of the cattle, there are any number of flies.

There is no well here as yet, as they haven't struck water, so they haul water in a truck from town, but because of the storm there were thirty-six hours we were without drinking water. The mess tent went down all three nights, and as all the water was used for drinking our meals haven't been what they might have been.

We each have our own mess kit here and eat the same grub as the enlisted men, only we have to pay a dollar a day for it, but that's one of the privileges of an officer.

Most of the snakes have been killed off now but there was a nice rattler in the tent next to ours one morning. Outside of rattlers the only other snakes they have are copperheads, moccasins, and a few other equally as harmless varieties. So far the only things I have located in my shoes in the morning have been two tarantulas and one centipede and I ended their happy existences. We shake everything and examine it thoroughly before we put it on. There are any number of horned-toads, chameleons, grass lizards, etc., but we don't even notice

them any more. Scorpions are getting scarce also.

The swimming isn't so bad, but after you get in you have to walk a mile to get to water deep enough to swim in. I haven't been so crazy about it as I was at first. One day I was the last one to come out and the fellows near shore yelled, "Hey, Granny! Look out for the shark!" Well, I thought that was a pretty old one, so I swam out a ways and then I happened to look toward shore and saw a nice big shark fin cutting the water *between me and the shore!* Well, to be frank, I wished for old mother earth more than I ever did in my wildest ride in a plane. I kept from attracting his attention for about ten hours (so it seemed) and then he went away and I didn't waste any time getting to shore. (Sort of strategic retreat-like.) The fellows thought that I had seen the shark coming, and also that he was nearer the shore than I, so I swam out to get out of his way. They said I used good head work, so I let them keep right on believing it, but if I'd ever seen him at first, I would have made for the shore if I'd had to walk.

I'm afraid I'm slated for a darn instruc-

tor's job in aerial gunnery, but I hope that it won't go through. Of course it's in the line of a promotion, and I may be of more use as an instructor than otherwise—but nevertheless, I'd rather see active service. The "boss" told me to stay at San Leon for a while, but that "the war won't end in a year and you'll not be hung on a peg here but will get to see active service soon after you get this work going properly." So I shut up like a soldier but went over to my tent and cried like a baby because I won't get across as soon as I'd like. But after thinking it over for a while, I decided it was a rather selfish way of looking at it so my only hope is that Washington won't approve the recommendation.

Next day: I got the dreaded notice to start instructing to-day. I have about fifty lieutenants to instruct and am responsible for about a dozen machine guns. My work isn't hard and is interesting, but I wish they hadn't made me an instructor.

Had a visit to-day from the major and staff in charge of flying, and he tried his hand at aerial gunnery, scoring fifty-seven out of two hundred and thirty-five. He

asked me what was the best anyone in the class had made and I told him one hundred and sixty-two. Then he had me take a crack at it, and I made two hundred and seven. It was a lot of fun.

Right now I'm putting in more hours than anyone else in the barracks. From eight to twelve in the morning and two to five in the afternoon I'm working on aerial gunnery. I do some shooting myself and also coach. It helps my work a lot to watch for the faults of others in their shooting. Then from nine in the evening until four-thirty in the morning I'm on night bomb dropping. I don't work all night, though, as I get a good "cat-nap" while waiting for my turn. I lie down on a plank and in forty seconds I'm asleep, so I get plenty of rest.

Just saw a bad landing. The pilot barely skinned over a ditch. He most likely didn't break anything, unless it was one of the commandments.

It is noon now, but I'm going to take a nap.

So long.

GRANNY.

SAN LEON AERIAL GUNNERY SCHOOL,
HOUSTON, TEXAS, July, 1918.

DEAR DAD:

I wrote Friday or Saturday, but thought I would drop you a little birthday note. I'm still on the job at San Leon. I put in half the day as an instructor and the other half shooting or grading the other fellow's shooting from another ship. As our targets are in the water, practically all our work is out over the water. We have tow targets, surprise bob targets, and shadow shooting. It's wonderfully interesting and is really life insurance for us.

We saw a ship (steamer) from Denmark to-day pulling into Texas City. We fired a salute and circled around about fifty feet from them and thirty feet above the water. There were two ladies on the bridge, with the captain looking at us through the glasses, so I took off my goggles and helmet and gave them a good Minnesota smile and threw a kiss. The kiss was immediately exchanged for two Danish ones which my pilot claimed when we got down. I let him tell his story and then I explained to whom they were really thrown.



"The" Bombing Crew—
"Granny" and "Bill"

My old pilot, Bill Hawley, is also an instructor here, so I haven't been up with him for some time. He lived up to my expectations the other day when a cadet shot off both control wires on the elevators. He yelled to Bill and told him what he had done and Bill said, "Sit tight and we'll come out O.K." Well, as long as the engine was on, everything was right side up, but, of course, when the engine is shut off the ship dives straight down. Bill drove back to the landing field and shut off the engine and let it die. Then he put on the engine every so often and it would pull up the ship's nose. He practiced that all the way down and in the last dive he figured just when to pull up on the engine, right before it hit. A ten foot miscalculation and both of them would have "gone West" and ten feet goes by quickly when you're going ninety miles per hour. But he made a *perfect landing*. It's the first case on record of a man coming down with both flipper wires cut and being able to tell of it.

I'm trying to get permission to pass my R. M. A. test, but hardly expect to get the chance. We lost three men here

last week, which is starting off pretty bad.

I went to the M. E. church in Houston yesterday and heard a wonderful sermon and also some wonderful music. There was one solo by a young girl that sure was a peach. When she finished there was a deathlike silence for a bit and then they gave her an ovation of hand clapping that would do justice to a presidential candidate.

It seems good to go to church and sit in a cool, quiet pew and think and dream and rest. We have very little time for serious thoughts during the week except for a couple of minutes after some accident.

I want to remind you, although I really don't think you need it, that a good, healthy, honest-to-goodness handshake means more to a stranger in khaki than you ever would imagine. The boys speak of the handshake the first chance they get afterward. And don't be afraid to introduce a fellow around, and if possible, to some one near his own age. He likes to meet the older folks too, but some of the older folks seem to have such a funny opinion of a boy in khaki. They don't seem to think that there are boys

who used to go to their church who are in khaki and in some other town, State, or country perhaps, and in a strange church themselves. For example, nine out of ten of the older ladies I've met at church ask me if either one of my parents are living and they seem so surprised when I tell them that they're both very much alive. I thought for a while it was my appearance that made them ask, but the other fellows all have had the same experience, so I guess it can't be that.

Then, don't let any lady, or man either, get started talking on "what an awful war this is and what a pity it is that so many fine young men have to go to France to get killed" and so on, etc. The fellows know it's no pink tea we're going to, but we don't like to hear a continual line of gloom and sorrow about it. Tell him you're glad to see him in khaki and proud of him for it, and that you've got a boy in service yourself and proud of him. Then remember his name, if possible, and at least remember his face. Every one he meets is a stranger, and if he can remember you out of a hundred strangers he's met, you ought to be able to re-

member him when you see him next. For example, I stopped at a hotel in Galveston one Saturday night and the clerk at the desk saw me for only a couple of minutes. I returned in two weeks and as I stepped into the doorway, the clerk called me by name and even remembered my room number. You may say that that's his business, but it's also a church member's business to at least remember a stranger's face, and if he or she is a good church member, to remember the stranger's name. It's rather discouraging when you say, "Howdy?" with your very best smile to some one on the street, whom you've met in church, and have him look at you with a surprised look and answer, "Howdy"—as though he were bestowing a great favor on you by answering.

If you invite him out to dinner, try and have some young people over for him to meet. I don't know what restrictions there are in regard to the bunch of fellows stationed near you, but I know they'll get Sunday off, so make the church a place they'll want to go to when they do get off, not only for the spiritual inspiration they might get but where they can meet people of the right

sort. A fellow has to meet some one, and if he can't do it in a church, he'll go where he can.

Tell every boy in khaki before he gets out that you want to see him in church next Sunday or know the reason why. Ask him if there is anyone there whom he wants to meet and treat him so he'll want to come back and bring a fellow with him.

This may be all unnecessary, but if you're already doing it, it may make you feel better to know just what a soldier's opinions are about it.

One thing more. Take a tip and try not to ask any soldier any "shop questions"—at least not any flyer. I've been asked, "If your engine stops, what do you do?"—"What is a tail-spin?"—at least one hundred times each; also—"How do you flap your wings?"—"Why do they run along the ground before they go up in the air?"—"Can you get down if your engine stops?"—"How did you feel the first time you went up?" I got so sick of explaining, or trying to explain, a few of the above questions to some ladies, who couldn't tell an engine from a propeller, that I handed them an

awful line of bunk about "cranking the engine in the air" and "putting your air hooks in a cloud," etc. They finally asked me what the white hatband stood for and I said, "For purity!" and one of them looked at me and said, "O, I bet you are fooling." Some compliment!

Must close now, as I start flying at 6:45.
Love and birthday greetings.

GRANNY.

SAN LEON AERIAL GUNNERY SCHOOL,
HOUSTON, TEXAS, August, 1918.

DEAR BROTHERS:

I sure am a helluva correspondent, but I'm kept so busy that there's no chance to write evenings so you'll have to excuse me. I sure was glad to hear from mother and from father that the grounds were being kept up at home. Have you got a flagpole in the yard yet?

I've acquired one bad habit while in the army. (Show this to mother and the whole letter, if you care to, for she's a good scout). Yes, the army has led me into a habit that I've always despised and vowed I'd never do even if others of my friends did. I've

often thought I'd be the last man on earth to acquire such a habit, but the temptation and the satisfaction of the after effects were too much for me. I tried not to yield but did it once and then yielded to—using powder after a shave. Yes, the army makes or breaks you.

They've got another one on me too. At a banquet the other night when they passed the cigars they handed me a package of gum and said, "Granny's cigar." You see I haven't succumbed to that vice as yet.

My Boy Scout first-aid work came in mighty handy day before yesterday. Our only doctor had gone to Ellington field with an injured pilot when a kid on guard got struck by lightning. I got him to breathing and finally brought him to, and the doctor and some of the officers complimented me on my work. I thought of Ernest and wondered if he remembered his Boy Scout first aid. Ask him, and tell him, too, that Whisky, the camp dog, has eight pups, and they have made their home under my cot.

We had two pilots visit us, and they made some rather interesting remarks. They're just back from overseas. Neither of them

had ever shot a machine gun in the air until they crossed the lines and got into a scrap. One of them had his gun jam after two shots, and, as he said, he "didn't know how to fix the darn thing," so he "kept it pointed at the German, who turned tail when he saw it." He said, "We came through by the grace of God." They lost one third of their companions the first two weeks.

They also said no field overseas gave anywhere near the aerial gunnery practice that we have at San Leon nor had the equipment. We had a compliment from the colonel too, who is inspector for the air service. He said he saw more real activity and work going on here than at any other aerial school in the U. S. We're doing now, in a week of concentrated work and effort, what they used to make us take six weeks to do.

I'm still trying to convince the commanding officer that *I'd be of more use abroad* than here, but with little success *as yet*. He has even taken back his promise to ship me across in September. I may send some stuff home soon. They are limiting officers' overseas luggage to one trunk, one handbag, and one bed roll, so I might as well send

home some things; but when you get the bundle don't think I've crossed the pond.

You warned me to be sure and look over our ship before going up. Well, every so often they open and censor our letters but you can be darned sure every ship gets a good looking over before going up if it has only been on the ground for three minutes, and after looking it over thoroughly one of us stays with the ship until we leave. Last week four ships from one hangar fell in one afternoon. I hear they have a new crew there now. You can't imagine how I hate *these* damned Dutchmen. I could choke one to death with my bare hands without batting an eyelash, and then they "interne some for the period of the war!" And they are the cause for the loss of millions of dollars' worth of food stuffs, war material, and *good American lives*. I hope they will soon begin to line them up in front of a firing squad. That's the only way to stop it.

I'm through making friends in the service. They got "Matty" the other day. He was a Beta from Ohio who went through Ground School with me on "K Porch."

Of course, a lot of the trouble is *called*

“carelessness.” For example: yesterday a ship was about to take off when the pilot thought his controls felt loose, and he took a look at a coupling (never before examined) and found *both cotter pins* out and also, of course, the wire that safetied the cotter pins. The cotter pins are in a pin that goes into the coupling *from the top*, so the pin *could not possibly have fallen out* but must have been mislaid, as it was not in the coupling or in the bottom of the ship. The result would be that the ship would climb O.K., but when it was nosed off, the coupling would come off and a nose dive would be the result with no chance of coming out. A fellow, here in our squadron, got killed last week from a fifteen-hundred-foot nose dive. I really can’t tell you just why I despise the dirty, sneaking, underhanded Huns. It’s not so bad to have our boys killed in battle over there where they’ve got a chance to even up, but when they get it on this side from some dirty Hun—that’s what makes me boil inside like I never did before. If I should for any reason get kicked out of the aviation, I would ask for nothing better than to get in the front line trenches with a bayonet and

the *memory* of my friends with me, and I'd go through to Berlin or hell, one of the two, if I were judged by the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." My prayer now is to be allowed to live until I can even up for a few fellows who were not given a chance, and then I won't care what happens. Perhaps I should not have written in this way and don't think I'm getting rough because of the way I express myself. You are the only ones I can talk to as I feel, and I've got to "open up and cut loose" once in a while with part of what I feel.

Please don't let it worry you or I'll never write this way again. There is absolutely no cause for worry, as all the possible "jazzers" can be discovered if the ship is properly inspected, and ours always is. They don't allow any tape on the flying wire any more, as it offered too good a protection for filed wires, and any mechanic is subject to be taken up in the front seat. (Most fatalities occur in the front seat. I ride in the back—pilots in the front) for the first trip in the morning. Well, 'nuff said of that.

I suppose I might get in bad if the above

should ever be printed, but it can't be denied. It's all the truth. Maybe in a couple of years America will wake up and begin to realize we are at war! An Englishman (three years in war) here, just from the front one month, says, "We'll be bloody lucky to lick the bastards." He admits that if the Allies can hold "the Dutchmen" for two years, we'll be safe from being licked and then he says it'll be a battle between our bombing and the German scouts as to who'll win.

Must close,

GRANNY.

DIARY

This being the
 Diary of One,
 Granville G——
 And expressing
 In good, bad,
 Or, in most cases,
 Plain English
 His thoughts
 And
 Experiences; and,
 Being an accurate
 Chronicling
 Of his actions,
 YOU are warned
 Against reading
 Same.
 And, as you
 Have been
 Warned and, for
 That reason, are
 Sure to read
 Aforesaid Diary,
 You are requested
 Not to repeat,
 Comment upon,
 Or criticize,
 But remember
 How it would look
 IF ALL of YOUR
 Actions were

Put in print,
 And then hold
 Your peace.
 If anyone,
 Because of
 Reading this,
 Should become
 Disillusioned,
 And should
 The esteem
 In which you
 Hold aforesaid G. G.
 Be lost by
 The same,
 He regrets same,
 But still
 Is NOT sorry,
 As the truth
 Will out
 And he is not ashamed
 Of the truth.
 Wishing
 You all
 A Merry Christmas
 And a Happy New
 Year
 As ever,
 Everywhere
 And always
 To everyone
 GRANNY.

Sat. Aug. 31.

Financially confined to the post. Failed to call for my check during the morning as I thought that would be plenty of time in the afternoon and, when I did call, Lt. L. had left on a trip to inspect the possible sites for a new field at M. (Strange that five or six officers have to inspect the new field every week end. I hear that the treatment by the people of M. is nothing short of wonderful. Bet the boys have a great time if we move there. No Marines, Dough-boys, or Chinstraps within sixty miles.) After I had decided that I didn't care to go to town to-day Lt. O. sent twenty bucks out to me from town. I sure am glad that I loaned it to him.

Mon. Sept. 2. (Labor Day).

Again the villain awoke me early (eleven) and led me off to meet some of his lady friends. Funny that I didn't meet some of the ladies when I first hit this country instead of now, when I'm planning on leaving any day. We played the piano and sang and went to Oyster and had supper and

then went out on the speedway along the ocean side of the island on the beach. There was a strong wind blowing so there were no mosquitoes, and we sure had a time that I'll remember for some time. The girl that was with me was a real girl. Not a painted doll, a would-be actress, a wax baby, or a wild woman, but a *real* girl. I got reckless and told her so too. Too bad that I hadn't met her away back in Feb., but maybe it was a good thing that I didn't. This war of late has been rather a social affair with me, but I'm not neglecting my work and I hope to get "overseas" any day. This sure is the worst war I ever was in.

Tues. Sept. 3.

Took a good rest to-day. Not that I needed it, but I've been getting up too early of late thanks to Lt. R.

Wed. Sept. 4.

After putting in a good day's work, Lts. S., R., D., and myself piled into Lt. R's. "Powerful Motor" and went to the dance at S. B. Lt. S. and I met two of Lt. S's. old

sweethearts from Houston and spent such an enjoyable evening dancing that we forgot the time, and the ladies missed their train back to Houston. We tried to steal Lt. R's car but we couldn't make it run. Then we found out that there was no room in the hotel for them so we "bought" a car (1912 Henry) and started for H., twenty-seven miles away. We averaged three punctures per mile and finally spoiled our average by coming in the last five miles on the rim. We left S. B. at twelve and managed to make H. by about four-thirty which was making better time than I expected. Lt. S. and I then had breakfast and managed to get a jitney to the field (Ellington) just in time so that we caught the gunnery ships leaving for San Leon. I slept all the way to San Leon and didn't awake until the pilot dove for the field. Rather a sleepless night and I'm on for O. D. to-night.

Thurs. Sept. 5.

Took a look at a DH4 with a Liberty today and they sure look good enough to me. Had a dual control, scarf mount, room for ten magazines and was painted olive on the

top and gray white on the bottom as camouflage.

Took a good ride with Bill Hawley out over the bay. Would give most anything if we could work together across the pond. He sure is the best in the world.

Fri. Sept. 6.

On as officer of the day last night. Had a cool wave, or northerner, strike us, and as a result it was necessary for me to put on three blankets to keep warm. It sure was great to feel the cold wind blowing. Lt. K. was an hour late in relieving me as O. D. but managed to get off in time to go with Lt. R. to S. B. Danced a few dances and then we decided to beat it for home.

Sun. Sept. 8.

Drove to Alvin with Lt. R. to see his girl and took two shotguns and 100 rounds with us. Had a lot of fun shooting at birds from the moving car. If the birds only had known how safe they were when they sat still on the fence they would have kept still, but when they flew around they were in

danger of flying in front of the gun and getting hit.

Lt. R. and his lady were somewhat annoyed by the presence of his lady's little ten-year-old sister, so I took the little girl hunting with me. The only way that I could keep her interested was to kill a bird every so often and as a result it was necessary for me to kill about a dozen . . . (Texas game laws prevent me from stating just what they were.) I took the birds in to Alvin and gave them to Mrs. C. and had supper with them. Was glad to see them again. They certainly make a fellow feel at home, and do it by just not making any fuss any more than if it was one of the family in the house. Came back with Lt. R. in his "Powerful Motor."

Mon. Sept. 9.

Back on the job. The cool spell is still with us, and in addition there are about a million squadrons of mosquitoes that fly in battle formation doing pursuit work. They get through the net some way. I've heard that the way that they do it is to push all the smaller-sized (by smaller sized we mean

about the size of a humming bird) mosquitoes through the netting and let them get full on a poor soldier (who, by the way, never has a chance to get *full* since the State went dry). I hear after a mosquito bites once it soon dies. I sure have been the cause of any number of deaths daily in the mosquito family if that is the case.

Stayed home for a change this evening. Camp sure is great in the evening after supper when the flying has stopped and everything seems so strangely quiet. Perhaps I noticed it more so this evening as there is no flying at all after three in the afternoon, while up to to-day there was flying up to seven-thirty. Some of the fellows were throwing or pitching horseshoes; a small group were starting for the bay with their bathing suits over their shoulders, and a half a dozen were putting in their units of exercise by boxing, the men taking their turn with gloves. Over it all you could hear the piano and the Victrola at the "Y." The wind that has been blowing for a number of days has stopped and its absence helps to make everything so quietlike. It's a great life. It's a great life especially

when you are on the Hdqts. Staff with a fine bunch of fellows and can have the use of the equipment when it's not in use. But still I'd rather be across than here.

All my pals have left for Hoboken, and you know what that means. It sorta gets under my skin to have them go and me stay, and as the fellows say: "Granny's on the warpath. Watch your step." I feel just out and out "ornery." Yesterday I confined seven pilot instructors to the post for a week (six 2nd Lts. and one 1st Lt.) for violating field rules. To-day I stuck five more for a week each, (including the Assistant Officer in Charge of Flying and two State Commanders) so that keeps over half the staff on the post and part of Hdqts. staff. I wish you could have heard them rave.

I'm beginning to show some evidence of what I must admit is poor judgment, but it's the result of a bad case of "oversea" sickness. Everyone tells me I'm foolish, and that I'm giving up a good position and a chance at something even better, but *I want to get across*. I've got an easy job since I've gotten things going so that there's not nearly as much work as at first, and anyone, almost,

could take care of the work now. There's talk (and plans drawn) of a new field for this work, larger than any other in the U. S., and I'd be given a place there and promotion if I'd stay; while across, they say it's almost impossible to get a promotion. I'll get a promotion if I stay here, but then the chances are that I'll *have* to stay in this work so I'm trying to kick out now. I think I may be able to get across as a bomber, for the Lord alone knows when any pilots will cross. I may not be able to do it, but I'm at least trying my darndest. May not get any action for a month or two as it is, but I'm starting now. Boy, I wouldn't have the face to face anyone after this mess is cleaned up and admit that I, a single man with no one dependent on me, had been an instructor or officer in charge of some work or field for a couple of years, while married men or men with dependents had "gone West," doing my work in France.

A fellow has to cash in some day, and I consider myself fortunate that I have an opportunity because of my age and physique to cash in, if need be, in doing some real work for a real cause. Of course, I'm not plan-

ning on being killed in France, but neither are any of the other boys, and some one is bound to be fooled. I'm not afraid of being bumped off because I've come pretty close to getting it, and really expected it, but thank the Lord, I didn't get a yellow streak when I saw what I was up against. No, "going West" is the easiest thing in the world to do, but it's the folks at home for whom it is not easy and whom I think about. I hope that they feel as I do about it—that it's a privilege not offered to everyone to make the so-called supreme sacrifice if need be in such a noble cause. I'd do it a thousand, million or more times, if possible, rather than have anyone in this country go through what the Belgian people have, and I know almost every man in the service feels the same way.

To get back to my trying to get across. There are any number of fellows who would be tickled to death to have my job and to stay on it for the period of the war, but, to be frank, I'd a lot rather be pushing up daisies in France when this mess is cleaned up than be on instructional work in this country. Surely, some one has to do it, but

let those who want to, do it. I don't want to!

Tues. Sept. 10.

Electric lights and everything. The long expected squadron has arrived and will relieve, to some extent, the shortage of labor. With electric lights and nice showers this is quite a field. You never appreciate the little conveniences until you have to go without them. For instance, sugar in the lemonade. We are saving it for the soldiers in the army. Went to Galveston to see my lady this evening and was planning on a swim, but got there too late, so we went up to the C.P. and danced for a bit and then went home and sat on the porch until mother asked if we knew what time it was. On my way downtown I ran into some students from the post and had a hard time to keep from being enticed off on to a party of theirs. Got up early and caught the inter-urban back to Dickenson and then had to "buy" a car to get out to the field.

Wed. Sept 11.

Everybody was surprised to see me

around so early all dressed up. Like Postum—"There's a reason." A number of the old pilots who had moved to Ellington moved back here to-day, Bill Howley among them. Seems like old times to have them around. Went out gunning in the Saxon and did all my shooting from the car and succeeded in getting four nice —, which we had for supper. I went out across the range and would scare them up with the car running in low and shoot from the car out through the front. It sure was great sport. The car got pretty hot—and so did I—so when it began to miss I left it in the middle of the trail and walked to the field about a half mile away.

Thurs. Sept. 12.

Put in some good practice on shadow shooting to-day. The "shadows" consisted of a few blue cranes or anything else that we could locate. To-morrow I will take out a class on the sea sled, so I took a jazz in it this evening and tried to see if the thing was strong enough to stand some quick turns. It skids around them in a hurry. The next ones that they make they are going to make

stronger, but this one is safe enough. Took Lt. L. in the sled, and he lost his goggles but said that he had a good ride. Will have to get the sled for a long jazz some evening. It carries about two hours gas and hits up about forty-five. When you hit rough water it sure gives you a spanking.

Fri. Sept. 13.

Lucky Friday. Put in a good day's work with the "Keewee Spad" with a class of pilots and bombers. Worked from 6:45 A. M. to 5:30 P. M., and that is a mighty long day of actual work for me now. Would watch their shooting, grouping, accuracy, speed, clearing of jams, and general handling of the gun. Took them out one at a time, and if they did some good work, I would zoom the sled off the water on the way to the landing. Had a lot of fun doing that and skidding around the turns with the pilots watching the wind take their goggles off.

Took Bill out for a ride as he was taking the work, and he was the fastest man in the lot on clearing jams. When I see how little some of them use their heads when they get

in trouble I get more confidence in my own ability. One of them was going to push a live round into the chamber and grab it with the extractors on the bolt and pull it back and have the ejector throw it out. It was a nice idea, only I stopped him and reminded him that his tension was dropped and the spade grip off, and that in order to have the extractors grip the shell there was a good chance that the cap would be primed and that would put most of his partly stripped gun right through his belly and it might be hard on his stomach. I once saw a machine gun get five fellows at one crack, and I've got a lot of respect for them.

I now have a flunkie to make my bed, sweep out, keep my tent straightened up, and scrub the floor every couple of days. Didn't request to have a man, but they gave me one. They sure are treating me fine, but it won't keep me from going oversea first chance I get, which won't be more than two weeks off and maybe only a few days. You can never tell.

If it comes before the folks are back from the coast, I'm not going to let them know until I hit France, but will have Bill send

some letters for me every so often. I would spoil their vacation for they would wish that they were back home, as there might be a chance to see me before I left and then they'd worry while I was on the pond, so I guess that it's better to do it the other way. Counting my chickens before they are hatched all right, but that's the only way I'll have it, as I sure don't want to stay here for the war. If by any chance I'd have to stay here I'd get married. Who to? Damfino! Why? Mostly because I shouldn't feel right about being a single man on this job and sending the married man over there to do my fighting. If Uncle Sammy won't let me go across, I'll have to get married to make me feel right about it. I'd a helluva lot rather go across though.

Sat. Sept. 14.

Didn't have any work to do to-day, but some of the students wanted to shoot traps, so I went out with them. I've got to pick a trap-shooting team to shoot against a number of teams starting next Sat. with Texas cavalry. We sure will have to lick that crowd.

Went over to T. C. with Lt. R. this evening to the dance. Sat out the first four dances just watching the colored musicians. One was continually going to sleep on his bass viol, but would always give his head a good jerk in unison with his bow. The man on the fiddle was making it talk in squeaky pleading notes, while the old pappie on the guitar kept his head cocked on one side listening to the little piece that he was playing. The man on the slide trombone was asleep the whole evening, to all appearances, but came to life every so often and let out a noise more like the sweet music of a cow's "beller" than that from a brass musical instrument.

The time was rotten to dance by, but no one worried about that.

Sun. Sept. 15.

Went hunting for a bit this evening and took a look at my car where I left it last Wed. but couldn't get it going. Usually between the three of us we have one car at least in commission, but we're out of luck just now.

Heard to-day that Class V. from here got their overseas on Friday. According to that

I ought to get mine some time during this coming week. Can't make me mad.

Lt. L. just asked why I had picked him to get up early in the morning and give the students their calisthenics and, as he called on my girl once last week, I told him with a sober, serious face that some of these student officers had to be taught that it was not good military form for them to call on a staff officer's girl. He didn't know that I had found out about it so soon. At first he didn't crack a smile, and then I had to smile and give it all away.

Just hear a night bomb raiding up about 10,000 feet. They come down here from Ell. F. doing their night formation cross-country practice work. Are equipped and have practice landing with both parachute and ordinary flares, so that eliminates the danger of a forced landing that there was when we took the course. Sure hope and pray that my "overseas" will come through this week.

Mon. Sept. 16.

Had a heavy rain to-day that left the field, or, rather, the camp, a sea of mud. I was

not in my tent when it started to rain, but some of the fellows said they saw some enlisted men working near by go and tie up my tent so as to keep the rain out. Any of the other fellows who did not close their tents when the rain hit got their stuff all wet. This is not the first time that I have found my tent closed because of a rain when the other fellows' tents were left open. Got a drag with some of the boys around camp all right.

The streets have no shell or gravel on them as yet, and, of course, all the transportation trucks get stuck in the mud, for none of them have chains. Then, again, when it is dry it is dry as powder, and the wind picks up the dust any place that is so fortunate as to have a wind blowing. If you don't git it one way, you get it another.

My request for "overseas" went to Wash. on the 30th of last month, after about a two or three weeks stay somewhere between here and Ell. Field, so I figure that my reply ought to get here within the next few days.

Tues. Sept. 17.

Went into Dickenson with Bill this even-

ing and got a much-needed haircut. When we were going past the officers' mess one of the Chinks stopped me and asked, "Lootenant, watsa malla you? Alle time no workie. Alle time no B-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z- (indicating flying in the air). Alle time walk round and round like boss." Bill about died laughing.

Last Saturday I saw some of them trying to fish down on the shore, but the fish would always fall off, so I went down and took a look at their hook and found that they had it buried safely in a big chunk of beef. I fixed it up right for them, and when they saw the results they were tickled to death. The next day they wanted me to eat some of the fish, but when I saw that they had them fried with heads and fins on I explained that I really didn't care for fish.

Wed. Sept. 18.

Some more dope in the paper about the trap shoot, and the C. O. says that if we don't lick them we needn't come back here unless we want to be thrown in the guard-house. Saw some good fights at the "Y" this evening.

Have got it figured that my "overseas" ought to arrive sometime in the next two days. Hope that they come before the trap shoot, as I can be on my way to New York in a hurry in case we lose.

Thurs. Sept. 19.

Saw a pair of R. goggles that were in the smash yesterday and in spite of their being shattered to a thousand pieces there was not a bit of glass that came loose on the inside. If they had been plate glasses they would have cut the man's eyes out. I think I'll keep my R. goggles in spite of what the authorities say.

Fri. Sept. 20.

WOW! It sure did rain last night. It poured for over three hours, and the way that the wind blew I thought that the tent was coming down any minute. If it weren't fastened to the floor as well as to the ground, it sure would have gone over. I enjoyed the storm at that.

No flying, range or trap-shooting, so Lt. R. and I went hunting. When we started we

agreed not to shoot anything unless we were going to eat it, but after we had walked over the range for a couple of hours we decided that we didn't care for a diet of blue cranes, logs, empty bottles, etc., so we discarded the agreement. Was good and tired when I returned as the wet ground made the walking heavy, but I changed my clothes and went to an enlisted man's dance that I was chaperoning. Had a good time at the dance which was on an asphalt tennis court.

Sat. Sept. 21.

The blankety, blankety, blank, blank, blank bunch of four-flushing tin soldiers called off the trap meet to-day! Some sports! They have to go to a training camp Thurs. so they said that they had to get ready now and couldn't shoot. Some soldiers. The W. D. will have to notify them a week ahead of time in case they ever want them to move in a hurry.

Met Lts. F. and Mike B., old ground school pals, in town to-day. They are just coming to Ell. for the course. The fellows that I know are getting scarcer every day as

they are sending them across pretty regularly. They have sent about a hundred bombers, and there are about that number awaiting orders.

Mon. Sept. 23.

Heard to-day that my name was first name on the list of "available bombers awaiting overseas orders" that is telegraphed to Wash. every so often. It may be another rumor, but the army is full of those, and I once heard of one that came true, so you can never tell.

Played a little soccer football this evening, and I sure got tired in a hurry. We are thinking of getting up a team and playing the student officers and also a team of basketball stars. We already have a staff officers' trap-shooting team.

Hope to get my "overseas" before very long, as there have been no boys sent for ten or twelve days and I'll surely leave with the next bunch. Also heard that I may be confined to post for a few days, as one of my enlisted men failed to bring in some ammunition from the traps. The C. O.

brought it to my attention and, after finding out the particulars, I decided not to confine him, and they do not like my attitude on the subject. One statement that was made was, "Perhaps if you get a week you will be willing to confine him two weeks," but if they really think so they are in for a big surprise.

The cold nights are still with us and I certainly am glad of it. It's great to jump in bed at night and pull two or three blankets over you to keep you warm. This sure is the life!

Tues. Sept. 24.

My confinement for a week came out today. Didn't confine the enlisted man at that, and don't intend to if I can possibly help it. A couple of other fellows were put on post for a week and two are on indefinitely, so there will be plenty of company over Sunday. Both squadrons are confined until Sunday morning, so that leaves only a few officers who will be off. I think I will recommend the man who was the cause of my confinement for a promotion and put it through too, as he is deserving of it.

We had "Liberty" or "Mystery" steak for supper this evening, which is the new name that "Brownie" has given to the hamburger that we receive quite often. Played some more football this evening and sure was tired, but a shower and a good rub put me in fine shape. I then lay on my cot and read a book for a change until about eleven. Sure is a tough life—this soldier's life.

Some of the boys were telling of the good old days back when they were first turned loose. They give them a training now before they turn them loose, but in those days nobody knew how to fly (and everybody thought they did). When Bill was turned loose he had never made a take-off or a landing and had only had about four and a half hours in the air and that with a fellow who had only about twenty hours himself. The last time he took Bill around he told him to make the landing and Bill had her nosed straight for hell when the instructor took the stick and pulled her nose up and leveled off and then pulled her tail down and made the landing. He turned around and said to Bill what Bill has often repeated to me as well as to others, "Some day you're

coming down that way and you're going straight to hell." He climbed out and, to see if Bill had the guts, told him to take her around alone, and Bill surprised him by doing it and making a good landing—the first that he had ever made in his life. He told Bill to take her around again, and so he did, but he had to circle the field four times before he could set the thing on the ground and, when he did set her down, he pancaked her for about ten feet and didn't roll an inch after he hit the ground. After looking the ship over to see that she was all there he was sent up once more and then turned over to first solo field.

On the first solo everyone is a wild bird, more or less, as they are all birds who have just been turned loose. One fellow tried to land fourteen times, but couldn't make it until the fourteenth time. Every time that he couldn't get down he had to go around the field again and try it all over again. Every one thought that he was going to crash, so they would send the ambulance and the wrecking crew out to pick him up every time they saw him coming in to land. When he finally did set her down and they

asked him why he didn't set her down in the first place he said, disgustedly, "Every time I'd come in to land that damn ambulance was in my way." That is about the way it seems at first. The field may be a mile square, but if there are a couple of ships on it it looks as though there wasn't room to set a nickel down, to say nothing of a ship.

Another fellow had his engine go bad at about two thousand, and he made a dive for the field. When he was about half way down his engine started again and he was so surprised that he forgot to pull her nose up until it was almost too late. A fellow gets up a lot of speed when the gun is on and the nose down. Another bird found that his engine refused to stop when he pulled the gun to make a landing, and he got excited and tried to land a number of times with the engine on full. After a while, he happened to think of the switch, and so he pulled that and made a landing. Now they give the boys more time on dual and also have more experienced men on the care and handling end of it.

I remembered the camera gun ships. No life belts in the rear seats and every ship tail

heavy, but they kept on using them in spite of their being turned in until one day the government lost three good ships and four good men "went West." They came down in a spin for over two thousand feet, and anyone knows that a man is not going to let a ship spin that long unless he can't do anything else, and if a ship is not lined up right nothing but the grace of God will get it out of a spin.

The good Lord was with J. F. when he got in a spin while giving an "exhibition" over a small town near here. They were at too low an altitude to stunt, but they tried a loop and came out cockeyed and dropped into a spin. Before he could begin to take it out, his wheels hit on the roof of a house, blew out both his tires but knocked him out of the spin and he landed in the adjoining field. Then there was Basky, who came down two thousand in a spin and piled up so that the whole thing was junk. And what happened to him? He had a bloody nose for about five minutes and that was all. It made a flier out of him. A fall either "makes or breaks" you. Thank the Lord mine didn't break me.

Then there was a fellow who left his landing gear on one side of a barn and he piled up on the other. Another bird zoomed up and then cocked it over in a 90° bank and came down in a spin all in less time than it takes to write this. Just as he hit he happened to duck his head and the cowl closed over his head and didn't touch him. Another fellow happened to have his belt unfastened when he got in a spin, which ordinarily would insure a fellow being bumped off in a smash, but, when he hit and the engine came back in the front seat where his lap ought to have been, he was thrown out of the seat and got away with only a few broken bones. . And a hundred other similar instances. Something or Somebody stepped in and did things that were beyond the imagination, even, of ordinary humans. Is it any wonder that you can't help feel that in spite of your doing your best there comes a time sometime when you have to depend on some stronger Power to pull you through? Such is life.

Wed. Sept. 25.

Had a heavy fog this morning that held

up things for some time. Just a reminder, I suppose, that winter and its fogs are coming. Cleaned up all the work on my desk in good shape and gave my steno and another man a bawling out for coming late to work this aft. Guess that means I'm getting hard-boiled. Played a little baseball this evening and then boxed four "fast and furious" rounds with Lt. R. My long arms make quite a handicap for him to overcome. A fellow learns something new every time that he boxes. Wish that a fellow could get a little more practice at it, but most the fellows are afraid to put the gloves on for fear they may make fools out of themselves. O, well! A man who never makes a mistake is a man who never tries to do anything out of the ordinary.

Fri. Sept. 27.

Put the trap shooters through a good practice this afternoon, for they have to lick the Staff Officers' team coached by Lt. Colby on this Sat., since they trimmed the boys up last Sat. As I'm coaching, I won't shoot on the other team. Put the Stu-

dent Cadets and Student Officers through two hours' drill and got away with it O. K. First real drill that I've had for a long time, and it sure did me a lot of good as well as the fellows whom I was drilling.

Twenty bombers got their "overseas" today, but they overlooked me again and my name was sent in long before theirs. I'm sort of getting resigned to my fate, although they are bound to come some time soon. If this weather keeps up, I will have to unpack my winter stuff and pack my summer stuff away so that I will be able to move on ten minutes notice and have five minutes to spare.

The photographer from E. is on the post to take photos of some of the officers for the W. D. He remembered me and the treatment I gave him when he was down here before and he certainly showed his appreciation. It sure pays to treat a man white. It was raining when he came down last and I told him to come over to my tent and make himself at home until the storm was over, and he felt pretty fine to have a nice place to lie around in. He's an old Mpls. boy.

Sat. Sept. 28.

Beat the Officers' trap team by twenty-nine points this forenoon and rather surprised them. Lt. D. got his captaincy to-day. He was feeling pretty cocky and asked me if my men wanted to quit while they had a chance. That was before the trap-shooting started. When it was about half over they saw they were going to get beat, but they were good sports at that. They are going to practice a little more this week, and if they do they will stand a good chance to lick my outfit next Sat. as a number of my best boys will finish next week. That's what makes the work interesting. To pick out a fairly good shot and show him his faults and then watch him improve and spring him as a "dark horse." I sprung one to-day, and he surprised everyone but me by his shooting. I had Lt. J. put the rest of them through drill so that I could watch the trap shoot.

Everyone on the post has asked me out this week end as they know that I am confined to the post. Got lots of company anyway. Last night I sent Bill in to keep a date for me and to-night he scoots off again. By

Golly, I bet that I lose that girl. Got a very humorous memo. to-day. A notice from the E. Dept., "We are going to police up around the hangars about the first of the month and request that you remove your automobile." That sure is an insult to my "Speedy Saxon." Lt. R. got a similar one in regard to his "Powerful Motor" now nicknamed the "Rolls Rouse."

Sun. Sept. 29.

Not so very long before pay day. Will have a good-sized pay voucher this month as I will get my flying pay for some three months in addition to Sept.'s flying pay. Sure will have need for it, though, as I surely will get my "overseas" some time this month, and there is a bunch of stuff that I will have to get when I get ready to cross, such as blankets, wool fatigue suit for everyday use around the field, a real good pair of shoes and a number of other things. Would like to subscribe to the Fourth Liberty Loan but I am afraid that I won't be able to make it. If I get across, I will need some extra money, as I may not get paid for a month or two and will have to have some traveling

expenses to pay until the Govt. can refund it to me. Am going to put fifty bucks into a Corona typewriter.

Forgot to mention an incident that happened last Thurs. I got up early (9 o'clock) to make a little inspection of the work going on on the range and the traps and a rain came up in a hurry. I saw it coming and just got the men started for the hut down by the targets when the rain hit and it sure rained hard. The men had to get the guns under cover in the hut so they had to run some 300 yds. in the rain while I ducked into the trap house. The trap house is a little hut that has a trap in it to throw out the clay pigeons. I was laughing at the sight the fellows made running in the rain when I felt something walk over my foot and looking down I saw a nice, full sized, sociable centipede. I lost no time in shaking him off and then I looked around and there was another one on the wall right beside my right arm and another one just coming up on the board I was sitting on! I guess that the rain began to run under the boards and drove them out. I thought that if there was going to be any argument about

who was going to live in the place, I would vacate without an argument, so I went out in the rain. As I had no stick to kill them with and I had to crawl into the trap house on my hands and knees I decided that they would not be molested, at least at present, and took out to the hut where the other fellows were.

Time was hanging rather heavy on my hands this morning when I was asked to help out on coaching the field football team and later was asked to take charge as head coach, and I guess I will take the job. It sure felt great to do a little real football again. A Dartmouth man has been helping them, so I felt right at home.

This afternoon an automobile load of girls from T. C. and Alvin came to see the camp and kid me about being confined to the post. We had a nice little party—myself and five girls—and ended up by having “Fats” play the piano for us over in the “Y.” An enjoyable time was had by all present.

We have received letters from a number of the boys who were in the same class with me but who got across to France. They are

not up to the front lines as yet but hope to be there soon. Lord, how I wish I were with them! The twenty bombers who got their orders last Fri. were not ordered to Hoboken, as the others were, but to Garden City, near Hoboken, but they may be attached to the First Provisional Wing forming there.

The "Boss" spoke to me to-day and asked me to withdraw my request for overseas and stay with him until spring, but nothing doing. He said that he would promise to let me go then, but, as a Lt. here says, "This is the most promising branch of the service. They will promise you anything." And it certainly is true. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if I should happen to have to stay here until Dec. and that they will have forgotten all their promises about recommendation for promotions. Such is life in the army, but at that I've got no kick coming on my progress. I enlisted as a first-class private and a month later was put on cadet status, and five months later made a commissioned officer, and a month later an officer in charge of part of the training of cadets and officers. Have been in that work

for over three months now, and was told that if it wasn't for the fact that I was going across I would be moved up to even a better job than I have at present.

Recommended the enlisted man on the traps, who was the cause of my confinement, for a promotion and he'll get it too. Sure wish that I was "overseas," but I suppose that it is only half as bad as it would be if it was twice as bad as it is.

Monday, Sept. 30.

It looks as though I stood a good chance to be broke this month as my pay voucher check did not come over from the field with the rest. With a typewriter to pay for and a .45 to buy, I'm afraid I may have to send home for some. "Some" refers to that necessity—\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$.

Held a football practice this evening, but there were not so very many out as some had extra fatigue and there was the formal opening of the "Y" this evening. It sure is a fine and much-needed building. A number of people from D. were at the program this evening, including Miss B., who invited me in to her house whenever I could get into D.

Had a wonderful program which included the Ellington Band, and they sure were the best that I've heard for some time. They played "Jazz" music that made you want to get up and yell instead of just applauding and there were a number who "obeyed that impulse." A speaker referred to us as "the boys who may have to win the war in Texas" and I believe that he spoke the truth.

Tues. Oct. 1.

The staff officers sure are out for blood in regard to the trap shoot next Sat., and the worst of it all is that there are no student officers who can shoot worth two whoops. Shot some myself this afternoon and got 24 out of 25. Really ought to shoot oftener but I guess that I am too lazy to do it. My confinement is up to-day and I really haven't been bothered by it.

Have been assigned two *assistants* to help in the coaching of the football team, and they are All-American men. Mighty nice fellows to work with too. I made a kick about my being put over them but the Hdqts. looks at it from a military standpoint, so it stands. One used to be a Chi.

end and the other was guard on Annapolis until he was busted. Had a little scrimmage this evening to keep the interest up. It sure seems good to see a little of it again. Read to-day that M. A. played a lazy game. If they only knew with what interest the alumni all over the world watch the news of the happenings at the old school, they might not play that way. Met an old boy from M. A. on the football field to-day and gave him a good kick where he sits down when he came up to me and saluted. His name is Lowell. One of the older fellows, as he went to Minn. and then to Yale. We had a great chat over in my tent in the evening.

Wed. Oct. 2.

The Spanish flu seems to have hit with a vengeance, as they are overcrowded with cases at both Camp Logan and Ellington, although we haven't a case here at San Leon. All of Camp Logan and Ellington are confined indefinitely, and I suppose that we will be by to-morrow. Hiked away to town in a hurry this evening before the camp would be confined and then called up

Miss B. and took another fellow over to her house with me and spent a very enjoyable evening. Talked over old times with her, as she knew any number of the boys who were back here in Feb., and that seems some time back. There were no government trucks in town, and as we had to get out to the field an Italian stuck us two bucks and a half to take us some five miles in a Ford truck. Such is life!

Thurs. Oct. 3.

Put in about an hour and a half with Lt. Colby, one of the boys whom I was with in formation back in Feb. We were making a shadow for the boys in the first week to shoot at. They were on the bank at the water's edge with their guns and we flew so that our shadow was on the water in front of them and they shot AT the shadow. We had to fly real low and I was thinking and wondering if Hun bullets would ever come that close to me. I'm beginning to believe that there is not much chance. The boys "over there" sure are giving Kaiser Bill hell. And the best of it all is that they are doing it and still are keeping over a million

of our boys in reserve some place. When that bunch hits—Good Nite, Bill! I suppose that they will wait until he starts a retreat out of Belgium and then they will hit some place around Metz and go right up the river valleys.

Got my typewriter to-day and it left me broke flat and twenty-eight days until pay day. We got confined to-day because of the flu, so it's not as bad as it might be.

Fri. Oct. 4th.

Took a real "Jazz" with Bill to-day. I wanted to go to Ellington to see about my check and some other stuff and got Bill to take me. We also had to get some flipper wires as two fellows shot off the control wires this morning and they had no extra ones here. Mighty funny how careless a fellow will get with his gun. I suppose that they ought to be commended upon their good head work as they only got one wire each and we have had birds here who have done better than that, as one fellow got both flipper wires with one shot.

We started off by flying over to D. and circled the schoolhouse a number of times

for the benefit of Miss B., who teaches there. We then went to A. and tried to wake some of the C. family, but I guess that they were not at home, as we couldn't get anyone to come to the window or to come outside the house, so we circled the schoolhouse and dove at some men who were unloading a train of cattle. One clown who was on the top of the train took off his hat and bowed to us very grandly, so I gave him a good bow in return, as I was standing up in the rear seat. We then went to E.

I managed to get my check and while they were making the wires the right length I went down to see why any number of fellows, who had their names sent in to Wash. long after mine, had got their "overseas" and I had not. Found out that, somehow, my name had not been sent to Wash. on any list of available bombers. Think that there is a nigger in the woodpile somewhere, but daren't say just what I do think. They promised to send it in whenever Wash. next asked for the available bombers, but I'll wait until I see the telegram before I believe it. Smell a rat somewhere.

At E. we had a truck come out to gas us

up as soon as we landed, so when we returned to the shop some time later we thought, of course, that it was full of gas, but, as we were about to climb in, the truck came tearing across the field and they told us that they had started to gas us up and they found out that the truck tank was empty, so they went back for more. If we had come on the field a little sooner we would have gone up, thinking that the tank was full and would have run out of gas and had a forced landing "somewhere in Texas." Such is life in the air service. You're here to-day, to-morrow you're gone, and the next day you're forgotten, and the world goes on as before.

After we left E. we went back over D. and then over La M. and then went down to Galveston. We made an experiment that I have been anxious to test for some time—running the ship from the gunner's seat. In the ships that they use for gunnery, bombing, observation, etc., on the other side they have dual controls, one in each cock pit. In the ships here they have controls in the front seat only. Bill took his hands off the stick and his feet off the rudder, as though he were unconscious, and I reached over his

shoulder and took the stick and glided the ship down for a ways and then ran it level for a while. The propeller torque had a tendency to make the ship turn a bit to one side, but a little aileron counteracted it. I flew the ship for some time from the rear seat and experienced no difficulty, excepting that it was a rather uncomfortable position—reaching over into the front seat for the controls.

We had about seven thousand feet when we went over to Galveston Island, and it sure was a pretty scene. You could see Fort Crockett and the gun emplacements and the tents that the Marines are in and the whole town laid out like a map beneath you. You could see the docks and the boats moving in and out, while some of them were waiting in the bay with puffing tug boats beside them. We had a well-balanced and lined up ship, as it would fly for a minute or so with hands and feet off the controls. On our way back we flew over T. C., and then went out over Trinity Bay to dive in some clouds that were out there, but I noticed that she was throwing oil on one side, so we hit for home in a hurry. We

side slipped down and landed in the field, and found that the oil pipe was broken and the oil spurting out. . It's a queer feeling to kill altitude in a hurry and even when you come down the fastest way possible it takes some time before you get to the ground; that is, of course, if you are several thousand feet up. When you are near the ground you come down too quick.

Sat. Oct. 5.

The Staff team coached by Lt. Colby beat the Students in the trap meet this afternoon but they sure had to work for their money, as they won by only five, and that is not such a lot out of a thousand birds. The Students did better than I expected them to do at that.

The mosquitoes sure are getting to be something awful. They got plenty of chance to breed because of the heavy rains some time ago, and they sure are here in swarms. A mosquito bar helps wonderfully, but you have to take care that no part of your body touches the bar or else they cover that part so thick with welts that it is out of shape.

Most of the boys went fishing at the R. R.

bridge near here, but I went over to the "Y" and watched the boxing. There was a new Lt. there whom I used to know back at E. and he suggested that we put the gloves on. I agreed, and then I began to wonder if he was some expert with the gloves. He was heavier and taller than I, but we sure had a fine scrap. We went right after it and didn't clinch or stall a bit. By the time the three rounds were up we both were pretty well all in. Then I went right out and had a good shower and then went to bed. I left the light on until I had killed all the mosquitoes inside the mosquito bar and then tucked it well under the mattress and then had one of the fellows turn the light out. A couple of them got in somehow during the night, but what difference does two on the inside make when there are two million on the outside trying to get in. Two get full in a little while, and then they let you sleep in comfort.

Mon. Oct. 7.

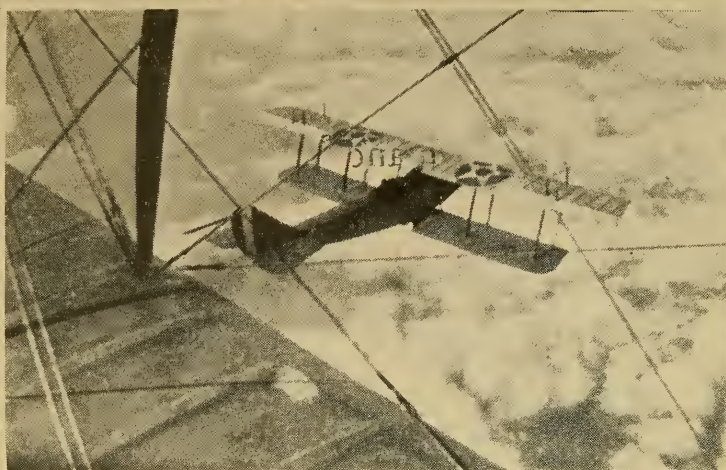
Had a lot of sport with H. this morning as we were testing out a new moving-picture camera gun, and H. and I were in the scout

ship that was doing the stunting while the other ship was taking the pictures. We were stunting all the time and were doing all sorts of known and unknown stunts. We would loop within twenty feet of the other ship and start a barrel roll when only about fifty away. When we weren't doing a loop, roll or wing over wing, we were zooming or else doing an Immelman or good side slip. I thought of the first day that I was ever in a machine and wondered just how I would have felt if I had gone through a roll then. H. is a comparatively new man here, but he stunts about as close as anyone. When all the pictures had been taken I killed the altitude with a falling leaf, much to H.'s surprise, as I guess he didn't think that it was in me.

Two classes got their "overseas" to-day, but my name was not on the list. I hardly expected it to be after what I found out up at E. last Friday.

Tues. Oct. 8.

Had a good rain last night and as a result there was no flying to-day. I saw that the students were kept busy too with drill and



Stunting for the Camera



Above the Clouds

traps. They shot traps until they could barely hold guns up to their shoulders, and then would get drill for a while. While the shooting was going on, the fellow in the trap house suddenly came tearing out about a hundred miles per hour and began to wave his hat so that no one would shoot at him. After the fellows had unloaded their guns I asked him if he had gone crazy. He then explained that a centipede had chased him out of the trap house. I told him that I would feel safer with the centipede than to get in front of five students each of whom had a loaded shotgun in his hands.

A number of the staff are going to town regularly in spite of the confinement. The married men are exempt from the confinement, and so every married man gets a pass to see his wife every time he wishes to go to town. Some of their wives are in Oregon, Michigan, etc., but they get the passes anyway. That's one argument in favor of getting married.

Wed. Oct. 9.

Got a pass myself to-day to go to town on "official business" (mailed a government

letter). Deposited part of my month's pay check, so that I'll be sure and have some money if I get my "overseas." Went in to town in the motorcycle and made a date for the evening. Took a walk in the evening until I had to hunt cover to keep away from the mosquitoes. There is no place to walk to except the graveyard anyway, and that was too full of life for a man used to San Leon society. Had the Gov't's jitney bring me back.

The O. D. was going to play a joke on me, so he instructed the guard not to let me leave the camp when he heard that I was going in to town to see a girl. I tried to get out one gate and they told me what he had just told them, and that he was on his way to the other gate to give the same orders, so I had the driver open her up and we got out the other gate before he got over there to tell them to keep me in.

Thurs. Oct. 10.

Put in a little practice myself on traps to-day and I sure needed it. "Pinky" felt pretty bad about his turning over on his back to-day but he didn't need to, as it could-

n't possibly have been avoided. He had a forced landing, and the only field that he could make was with the wind and newly plowed and, of course, he lit on his back, as the wind got under his tail and turned him over.

There are times, such as the present, in this army life when a man's thought unconsciously turns toward the spiritual questions. At present one question is ever present in the minds of practically every man on this post, but all to no avail, as none have sufficient education or vision to give an explanation or answer that gives us the least satisfaction. No help can possibly be received from the outside, as no one excepting members in this immediate vicinity can fully appreciate the conditions and circumstances. My training at home taught me that when up against some problem that was too deep for me to understand clearly, prayer would help me to the proper interpretation, and the Lord knows that I've prayed, but all to no avail. And still we all are in the dark on the subject, "*Why* did the Lord ever create a mosquito?" They come in droves, flocks, herds, schools, bunches, or

swarms. But how they come is not so important as the fact that they DO COME and come in NUMBERS. They sting, bite, and buzz. About the time that there is no more room on your body for them to bite and you are about to drop off to sleep a swarm of the "dairty barstards" come along and keep you awake with their buzzing. They get through your mosquito bar and bite through two blankets and are the cause of a man breaking one of the commandments. They carry more discomfort and annoyance when a formation invades a camp than would be caused by an invasion of a formation of Hun airships, and per ounce, they are more destructive to a soldier's morale than any high explosive ever invented. Here I sit with blankets wrapped around my legs; as an ordinary uniform does not seem to hinder an ambitious mosquito in the least, a rain coat on to keep them off my back and a towel covering my head and neck. A smudge of burning oily waste causes me more inconvenience than it causes the mosquitoes, but on the whole, "It's only half as bad as it would be if 'twas twice as bad as it is."

Fri. Oct. 11.

Heard from a somewhat reliable source that the boys going to Garden City are not going across but are entering concentration camps for the winter. It would be my luck to give up my chance for promotion here and then be sent to a concentration camp until spring with no chance to fly or get any flying or gunnery practice. O, well, I should worry.

Sat. Oct. 12.

Moved my tent to-day, as they are planning on building barracks for us in the near future and rearrange the whole camp. Had a peach of a trap shoot to-day. The Students won the meet although it came very near to breaking up in a fight. I had given the Students practice during the week on extreme angles, and they sure could hit them on the nose. When the Staff boys saw the angles we were warming up on they made us change the setting of the trap to the regular-size angles. Won by 11 points at that. Score, 410 to 421 out of a possible 500. The Staff boys were rather burned

up, as they had been blowing all week about what they were to do to the Student Officers.

A bunch of us were planning on a fishing and hunting trip all day Sunday, but it had to be called off, as the man who was going to rent us the boat said that the fish wouldn't bite because of the rain last night. Didn't find out that we were not going until it was too late to get a pass to go to town on "official business." I had a bout on at the "Y" anyway, as they had picked a bird to maltreat me. After the movies we had our little tilt, and I can frankly say that I was not the one who got the worst end of the deal. In the first round it was about even, but I made up for it later. In the last round I had his nose running and his lip cut and one eye almost closed. I really didn't mean to hit him as hard as I did, but it was a case of hit or get hit. Took a good bath and then hit the hay.

Oct. 13. Sunday.

Lowell and I spent most of the day trying to find something around the camp. Most of the fellows went fishing, although some of them went down swimming. Then they

hung around the "Y" and read and played the Victrola, or else wrote some letters.

Some of the boys in the E. office got recommended for their firsts to-day, over the head of a number of flyers who really ought to have been promoted, as they have been flying for some time and were promised firsts in the first place. Also heard of a number of M.S.E.'s and first-class Sgts. at E. were recommended and received their commissions. Good enough for them, but they are making a mistake in not keeping their word with a lot of men who have cost the Government some thirty or forty thousand dollars, for when the war is won and they want the boys to stay, they are going to lose the money invested in them, for the fellows will not stay in as they would if the promises made to them had been kept. Poor economy.

Sometimes when everything breaks against you and continues to do so, it gets past the stage of being annoying and becomes humorous. That's about the way that I feel now toward it all, as I certainly have had my share. Perhaps it's because I expect too much. Really, I've done well—

in fact, mighty well, but I expect to do too well. The best way in the army to remain always satisfied, contented and never be disappointed, is not to expect anything, but just go along from one day to the next and plan on nothing.

The Kaiser is putting out a nice little trap with his so-called "peace" move, but I don't think anyone will fall for it. This evening I got tired of staying around camp, so I called up Miss B. and asked her to ask me in to see her, which she very kindly did. I got a pass and one of the post cars and driver and went in. Spent a very pleasant evening and met Lt. W. and his wife. They were just married, and he made me promise not to tell the boys about the way his wife was bringing him up. It was almost too good to keep, but he'll have to pay for it. When I came back to camp a good dog "came back with me."

Mon. Oct. 14.

No flying to-day, as they had a bad rain at E. last night and didn't want to take a chance on getting the ships off the ground. Gave the boys plenty of trap-shooting, as we

had a shoot between the Student Officers and the Cadets. S. O. won, 391 to 390, which was not a bad score, considering the fact that there was a real bad cross wind.

In the afternoon I got one of the gunnery ships that was in the completed steel hangars (have two up already), and got B. to give me a real ride up to E. to see about my dear "overseas." Found out that my name was sent in on a list of "available men for overseas" on the 8th of Oct., but they had failed to remember to put it on any list since then! They sure win the cake! If their heads were as big as their brains, they could use peanut shells for panama hats. I've a mind to quit trying to get it put on, as I'll not get a recommendation for promotion unless I stay here, and the last bunch of fellows that have been sent to Garden City write and say that they will be there for the winter. If I really thought that I would have to wait until spring until I got my orders to cross after I got to G. C., I believe that I would stay here. There is a fairly good bunch of fellows here and I could get my recommendation (if I haven't got myself too much "in bad" already by fighting for my

"overseas") and have a better job than the one I have now, as the "Boss" has said that the day I agree to stay he will make me O.I.C.G.I. O well, I'll wait and see what turns up.

On the return trip Lt. B. wanted to try a few stunts, so I sat down on the folding seat in the gunner's cock pit and grabbed a good hold of a wooden longeron and told him to go ahead, as I could keep from falling off. There was a belt in the rear cock pit, but it could only be fastened when the gunner was standing up to shoot. He tried a barrel roll and almost did two of them before he stopped it. I could keep track of just what position the ship was in very easily, for I was riding backward and was looking back over the tail and so could see as well as feel when the ship was on her back, and I could see the ground all the time or at least most of the time. Would like to take a picture when the ship was up-side-down and show the tail group and the ground so that you could tell that the ship was on her back. After the first roll I told him that I could do better than that, and then he did a number of them and some other stuff as stalls, and

finally we tried a loop. The loop is the easiest of them all to do, but is the easiest of them all to make one fall out of the ship too. I took a good hold with my hands that would have held me in if we had stayed on our back all afternoon. And we went through it "jake," although my feet were off the floor when we were on our back. We then did a few spirals and slips for Miss B.'s benefit (if she were at home) and came on home. Had a baseball game this evening between Students and Staff, and the Students won 4 to 3.

Tues. Oct. 15.

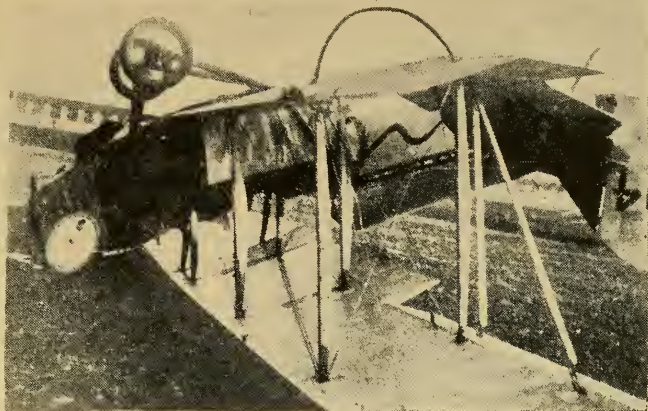
The good old cold weather is back again and it sure is great. There was a bad mist to-day and it was raining part of the time so they had to call off flying. There is a mighty strong wind blowing and the Galveston weather office phoned and gave warning of a four-foot tide for to-night. Hope it doesn't get any higher than that, for if it does, I might find myself floating out in the middle of the Gulf.

Had quite a talk about staying here to-day and finally told them that, after putting up

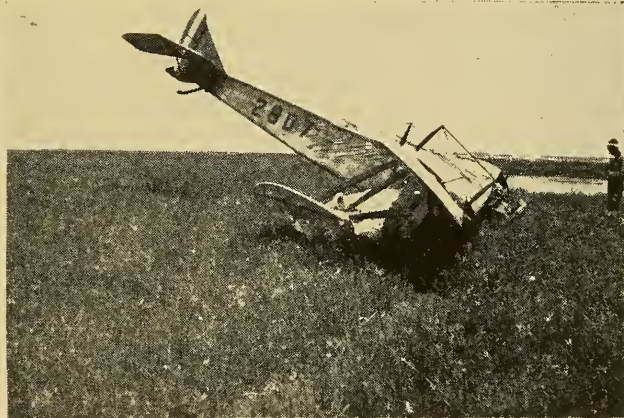
my side of the argument, I was willing to let the Capt. decide what he should do with me and I would abide by his decision; which was very obliging of me, in view of the fact that he can do, and has done, just about as he pleases with me. If I stay I'll get a chance to jazz in a ship every day, as we are going to get some jazz ships as soon as the next hangar is completed. Then, again, I will most likely get a promotion *sometime* and that would please the folks at home, as they figure that I ought to do as well as the best of the college boys, and I can do it.

Wed. Oct. 16.

No flying to-day either, as the rain is still with us. It doesn't rain very bad but there is a thick mist or fog that goes up over six thousand feet and prevents you seeing the ground when you get up over a hundred feet and in some places, thirty feet. Gives the ships a chance to be looked over and they surely need it. The ship that I had over to E. on Mon. with Lt. B. (the one we were stunting in) was gone over and they found that the walking board was worn so that it



Vernon Castle's Fatal Fall



"Nose In"

was liable to break with the least jerk. They had to send another ship over to E. for the extra parts to repair it.

Some of the fellows were kidding us about it, and we had quite a discussion as to what would have happened had it broken in the air. I think that I could have got hold of the flipper wires and put the thing in an easy glide. Then B. could have yelled at me and told me when to pull her nose up, as I would have to be down in the inside and would have been unable to see the ground. We would have crashed all right, but wouldn't be smashed up ourselves. Of course if it had broken down near the ground when we didn't have altitude enough to regain control of the ship, it would have made a nasty smash.

Heard to-day that Capt. J. was killed at Selfridge. He sure was a peach of a flier and was an old timer at that, as some five years ago, he was considered the most perfect flier in America. Don't know the details of the accident. It gets the best of them. Not long ago our two oldest fliers (counting hours in the air) were killed in an accident and no one could explain why.

They were a colonel and major and had several thousand hours in the air, in fact more hours than anyone else in the U. S.

Had agreed to go on in a boxing match this eve. at the "Y" but I don't imagine that the bout will be pulled off in this rain. There is a storm somewhere in the Gulf and the weather bureau at G. called up and gave us warning. Last night it blew so hard that I expected the wind to pick the tent up any minute, and they say that if the wind hits this place it will be about ten times as bad as last night. That sure will be some blow! They don't know whether or not it will hit this place, though, as it may hit anywhere along the coast. Last time we got a warning almost all the boys went to town, but we are in confinement now. It wiped Gerstner Field off the map but didn't hit us. I'm getting used to the storm scares, but it has the new fellows worried.

The time of the '15 Galveston storm there was about ten feet of water over the land that this field is now on and it wiped a number of fairly large-sized towns around here off the map. A railroad freight-car ferry boat was washed in some three miles

in shore. When the water went down it was left high and dry in a farmer's back yard. A real estate company wanted to sell some of the surrounding property but, strangely, couldn't make a sale because of the boat's presence. The Santa Fe had to burn its boat, as it wouldn't pay them to haul it three miles back to the water.

Bill gave me the dickens for letting B. stunt the ship on the return from E. when it was a gunnery ship and had no belt. He predicted that B. would kill himself some day on this field. Bill usually knows what he is talking about at that. My "dog" is still with me and sure is some "dog." Every day I get a little more resigned to my fate here. Makes me sick at heart though when I think of Bill and me not able to take part. Sometimes I have half a mind not to return home after this war if I haven't been able to get across. O well, I won't cross a bridge until I come to it.

One of the fellows just stuck his head in the tent and said, "What if we wake up in the morning and find the ocean paying us a visit?" and I told him that wouldn't be half as bad as to wake up and find that we were

paying the ocean a visit. I've heard so much about these storms that I would like to see one and be in Galveston at the time and watch the water hit that sea wall.

Thurs. Oct. 17.

This sure is a week of rest for the ships, as the fog is raising Cain. When there is no fog the clouds hang around at a few hundred feet and that holds us up.

My bout came off this evening, and it sure was a warm one. Cinched it in the third with a good right to his heart that slowed him up noticeably during the rest of the fight. Learned more in my fight with him than in any of the others, as he put up the best argument of any of them. One of the boys in one of the preliminaries broke his hand. After the fight I took a good bath and then hit the hay.

Heard from some of the boys who left here with the fellows who went to G. C., and they seem to think that they will stay at G. C. for the winter. Rather than that I'd put in the winter here. Still hope for some orders but don't think that I've got a chance in a hundred to get them, as I have a hunch

they will be stopped if I do get them.
 "You're in the army now."

Fri. Oct. 18.

Just started to take all the students out to drill when an orderly drove up and told me that flying would be continued in all stages. The boys suspected the truth and were tickled to get out of drill, so I thought I'd fool them for a bit and turned to them and said with a sober face, "Flying is called off in all stages, so we will put in all morning in drill," and you ought to have seen the stung expression on their faces. I drilled them a bit more and then told them the truth and told them to "Fall out," and you ought to have heard the yell—like a bunch of kids.

The Capt. called me in this afternoon and inferred that he would rather I wouldn't box in public. I've never boxed since commissioned unless it was an officer, but he said that he thought it would be better if I didn't, so "nuff said." Among other things he said that he wanted to talk over and settle this "overseas" business of mine. He said that the fact that I possibly would leave for overseas had kept me from getting some-

thing better here. He then spread a good line on how good my work had been done, my personality, my duty as a soldier, my chance for something better if I stayed, how badly I was needed, etc. Ended up by asking me to stay and inferred that I would have to stay anyway, but he would rather it were of my own accord. He promised that he would let me go "later" and I promised to stay and help him out. (Very kind of me indeed!) Right here I might say that although a lot of half promises were made I made up my mind, not because of any promises, but because there are no two ways around it—it's my duty to stay.

Before I had left the office he had made me O.I.C.G.I. (Officer In Charge of Ground Instruction). The Capt. is the O.I.C. Gunnery and under him comes the O.I.C. Flying and O.I.C. Ground Instruction, so that leaves only one man over me, the O.I.C. Gunnery. Under me I have the O.I.C. Theoretical Training, O.I.C. Firing, O.I.C. Range, O.I.C. Traps, Ground Gunnery Instructors and all their assistants and then the enlisted men under them. Not only all that new work, but he

outlined a new curriculum for the whole school and told me to work up the details and the stencils for the various courses, for both the instructors and the students. WOW! A job for ten men, but I'll have to fool him and do it up brown. After I got out of the office I began to think over the Job that I had before me, and then I began to worry as to whether I could do it. I hiked out to the field to find Bill and tell him of my new job, (but he was off with a forced landing somewhere, so I had to tell it to the typewriter. I can do it better than anyone else at this place anyway, and that is some consolation. Not that I know as much as some who have a dozen degrees in their suitcases, but I know all stages of this work and have some common sense and some originality and can handle the men under me. When you come right down to it good horse sense counts for a hell of a lot.

Sat. Oct. 19.

Stayed up until 1 A. M. this morning working up some new stencils for the Ground Practices. Confinement is still on, but we have had only five cases of flu here

and they were men who had just arrived from Ellington. It's about over, anyway. Some of the fellows went to Eagle Lake to hunt over the week end, part of them in cars and some in ships. Some confinement! Stayed here all day and evening.

Pulled a surprise on the Staff Officers by beating them 423 to 422. Sure was some trap meet. The boys were ten birds behind when they came up for the last order but they came through with a punch, and it got on the other fellows' nerve and the boys came out on top by the width of a gnat's eyebrow.

A telegram was sent in killing any chance that I might have had of getting across.

Sun. Oct. 20.

Not so very far from pay day. Tried to help out the Fourth Liberty Loan a bit by my subscription. Allotted part (small part) of my pay for the next ten months to the Treas. of the U. S. for their purchase. That's the least that I can do.

Was up in the office until one again last night and spent most of the Sabbath working in the office. I sure am very poor in

my grammar, but I can't be bothered with that when writing.

Mon. Oct. 21.

One o'clock is getting to be my time of retiring. I can stand it O.K. though, as it's the first real work that I've done for some time.

Had a real "jazz" trip to-day with Jack. He was driving the scout ship that attacks the camera gun ships and I took a trip with him. He didn't care to take me along, as it makes a lot of fellows sick to ride in a ship and have some one else stunt it continuously, the way that the scout does on the work here. I told him where to go to and climbed in, and told him that if I got really under the weather I would motion him and he should duck his head and keep dry. He just had had a pilot up with him who forgot all about Hooverizing and wasted a perfectly good meal. The dog wanted to follow me when I got in, but I'll have to take her up some time when there are not going to be any acrobatics.

We put in our time stunting around the ship and letting the man with the camera

gun take shots at us. We would dive at him and go in under the ship and come up in front and turn a loop right around him, or else start a roll when on his right and roll over him and come out on his left. The rest of the stuff was a few stalls and Immelmans, or else a zoom up from in under the other ship so that our wing would come up between the wing and tail of the other ship. That boy sure can fly! He's had about 800 hours of that stuff at this field. And to think that a little while ago whole squadrons of ships would cross the lines and none of the pilots had over twenty hours in the air!

Tues. Oct. 22.

Sure had some time to-day showing a First Lieutenant from my old ground school, S.M.A. Austin, the practices that we have here. He was sent down here to get the dope, and we sure gave it to him and gave it to him hot. He tried to show where his theory was right and ours wrong in some cases but we sure brought him around in a hurry. He wouldn't believe it when he was told that I left his school just last Feb. He was tickled to death with some of our prac-

tices and wanted to get some or all the dope and put it in at Austin. Some compliments I'll say. Was up until 1 again last night. Regular night owl.

Wed. Oct. 23.

The bird from Austin evidently gave Ellington a tip, as they sent two Lts., who instruct in ring sights, etc., down here to take our whole course and then go through the work with us before returning to Ellington to teach it. They also sent the Officer In Charge of Range Work at E. down here to take our course.

Thurs. Oct. 24.

Up until one again last night. The confinement was lifted the other day but I haven't been off the post as yet. Will soon have the work all done now, though, and then there will be nothing to do to speak of.

Some of the fellows sure pulled a dirty trick on me the other night. Was just an accident that I heard what they had done. There was some sort of party at T.C. and "my" girl was there as well as a number of other people whom I know. They were talking about K.C.'s wife coming down here

from Mich., and one of the boys casually remarked, "Did you see Granny's wife to-day? She just came down from Minnesota and they are going to stay at the Oleander Club." One of the fellows said that my girl's eyes popped out of her head but she didn't say anything, and then one of the birds had to do it up brown by saying, "He sure has got the huskiest twins that I have seen in a long time." About an hour later my girl asked one of the fellows if my wife really were down here and he said she was and went on raving about the twins. Am waiting to see if I hear from the girl. The fellows say that the town is mounting machine guns to prepare my reception when I go over there next.

A number of the cadets are getting their commissions, so it leaves us with only four or five cadets and a hundred or more student officers. It's about time that some of the commissions were coming through. One kid who got his was called Hard Luck Vermillion. He was the 156th cadet in the U. S. and has been a cadet for *eighteen months*. He put in 11 months with the Royal Flying Corps when this government

had not started ground schools or flying fields. He went through their ground school and flying school and when the class was turned back to this Govt. they lost his records. The rest of his class got first lieutenancies out of it, but he was then sent to an American ground school after the usual delay. He completed that and also the course at Ellington and was recommended for a "commish" and, while waiting, was taking this course in gunnery so that he could get sent overseas as soon as possible. He was just finishing here when he got a long letter from Wash. saying that they had no record of him at all and sent him enlistment papers to fill out and told him that he would have to go through ground and flying school again, as they had absolutely no record of him at all. He came in to my office with the letter and saluted and handed over the papers and said: "Sir, what the hell do you think of that? I don't mind enlisting over again and doing the work over, if necessary, but how in hell can I get the three letters of recommendation asked for when they say they want them from men who knew me during the *past year in*

civil life?" We took the matter up with Washington, through Ellington, and fortunately were able to fix it up so that he enlisted and then got his commission.

Had three so-called "efficiency experts" down from Ellington to give us the "once over." Hope that they profit by what they found out, as there sure is room for improvement in their work. They ought to form a home missionary society.

Fri. Oct. 25.

Up until one again last night. I'm trying hard to get everything all worked up so that, in case my "overseas" should come through, they won't be able to say that it is impossible for me to leave. Have just about finished commissioning the cadets. They are going to give a dance at the Oleander Club to celebrate the event and I am going with Bill and some of his bunch from Alvin. Bill has a schoolmarm picked for me.

Sat. Oct. 26.

The Staff trimmed the Students in the trap meet to-day. I have been too busy in the office to give them any special practice and it showed up in the meet. They had never

been in competition before, for they are all new men, as our old team has gone back to Ellington.

The O. Club burned down this afternoon so the dinner dance was called off. Rouse, Bill, and myself all piled into R's car and drove to Alvin. Had the usual trouble with the car, which was made especially interesting because of the rain. Bill and I stood in the rain, and argued about who should get in the car first and would have been there yet if R. hadn't started to drive on and, rather than be left, we piled in. Was up until one again last night.

Heard some good news to-day. A telegram from Washington saying that my name was on the "overseas" list and that they should make preparations to release me as an instructor. *Heard* the C.O. raising hell with E. about it, but they evidently said that there was no chance to stop them. If they do come, it will mean that I will go without promotion, while if I stayed for another month or so I'm about sure to get it. But what's a First to a chance to get in action overseas?

Had supper with the C.'s at Alvin and

surely had a good time. Stayed at the hotel over night. A popular and *appropriate* sign that the hotel keepers hang in their rooms in this country reads as follows: "Cheer up, it might be worse." The first part is all right, but they couldn't be worse. Bill likes to tell about the last time he and I stopped at that hotel. He says that he woke up in the night and heard some one pounding on the floor as if he were trying to wreck the hotel. He located the noise as coming from my room and then he found out that I had no sledge to hit with but was using a No. 12 shoe of mine and trying to kill cockroaches with it, but it wasn't heavy enough. He said the last he saw of me I was running down the hall in my birthday clothes (?) with a shoe in each hand and repeating to Bill, "They're after me, Bill, they're after me!"

Sun. Oct. 27.

Had a hard time getting up early this morning. First I woke up and with my eyes only half open and myself half asleep, started to roll out of my bed. I thought I was in the cot at home, as this is the first

night I have spent away from camp for some time, so I hit my knees a helluva crack on the wall. I looked at it and thought, at first, it must be a heavy fog and I was unable to see any farther than my mosquito bar (still thinking that I was at camp), but couldn't account for the fact that my knees got a good rap. I then noticed the white walls and wondered if it could be a hospital and that I had twisted my knees in some smash. I felt myself over and was pleased to note that apparently I was in good health. I then got a good look out of the window and finally realized where I was. Felt rather disgusted with myself, so decided that I would steal forty winks. Woke up again when Bill and R. came in to get me out of bed. They rolled me out on the floor and put the mattress over me and then when they saw that I was willing to sleep even in that position, they went out and left me and left the door wide open. They hadn't slept because of the cold and were rather jealous of me because I had slept sound and had my window wide open at that. I had to get up and shut the door and then decided to get dressed.

Mon. Oct. 28.

Back on the job again. The Capt. wants me to draw up a personnel chart for this field and the prospective field at Hitchcock. Will put about twelve commissioned men under me and about a hundred enlisted instructors. Some job. Wonder about my "overseas." He is having me go right on with the work as if I were to stay here forever.

Turned a good idea over to the Experimental Dept. to make. Will save us about a thousand dollars and will be more efficient. Just luck that I happened to hit on the idea too, although I have been thinking on it for some weeks.

Am starting to work up some pieces of a prop for the folks. The lights were not working in the Hdqts. so I worked in the Armory until my usual retiring hour. Am going to get everything all way ahead of schedule and keep it there.

Tues. Oct. 29.

Sent all the instructors out on the field to get some flying in this morning but they were disappointed for it began to rain about

the time flying was to begin, and, as a result, they'll have to wait a while. The field is a sea of mud. A person quits trying to dodge the mud but just wades through it any old way.

They sure have got me guessing as to whether I am going overseas or not. I know for a fact that the telegram came into this office, but they are not letting on in any manner whether I am going to get across or have to stay. Such is life in the army. If they do come, I won't let the folks know until I am across or else until I am stranded on Long Island for the duration of the war.

Wed. Oct. 30.

Got a letter from one of the boys across to-day and one from one of the boys at G.C. who was just embarking. After I read them over I felt sore enough to go in and tell the C.O. where to head in at. It sure is discouraging to hear from the boys whom you worked with and have them tell of their experiences and their work over there and know that you were jipped out of going across. I am thankful that, as yet, I have not lost my sense of honor regarding the

word of a gentleman. Wonder just what happened to the orders that came in Sat.? O well, what's the use of worrying? If they want to give them to me they will, and if they don't they won't. There are a lot of fellows who are worse off than I am at that. But I've learned lots of things: Look out for No. 1 first, last, and all the time. 2: Trust no one with anything—money, ideas, or your girl. 3: Toot your own horn, as no one will toot it for you. 4: Never expect anything and then you'll never be disappointed. 5: When a man gives you his word that he will do something, discount his promises about 99%. 6: See that you get credit for what you deserve credit for, and that the other fellow doesn't steal it. 7: When you and the C.O. don't agree and as a result you get jipped good and proper, SMILE, as that's all you can do. "O well," as Granny, the famous bomber of the battle of San Leon once said, "It's only half as bad as it would be if it was twice as bad as it is!" And "What did you do in the great war, father?" "Well, my son, your father was never any nearer a bullet than the North is to the South!" Brave man, that!

If we all had our own way, what a hell of a world this would be! I still have the dog at that.

Thurs. Oct. 31.

Just finished putting up a flag pole and had a formal flag raising ceremony and retreat afterward. It sure makes a difference in a fellow. You look at things in a broader way and decide not to let the little matters trouble you but just go ahead and do your duty in the best possible way and let those who work for their own selfish interests do as they please but not have any influence over your actions. You realize that duty comes first and feel proud of being in the service where you can have the opportunity to sacrifice everything if need be, to keep the flag and what it stands for, respected by everyone everywhere.

Sat. Nov. 2nd.

After putting in most of the day on a small model made from parts of some wrecks I started to get ready for a trip to Alvin with R. this evening. We went to D. The hotel was full of boys from San Leon last night. This morning I would hear first

one and then another voice in the hall that I recognized. They didn't know for sure just what room I was in but soon found out and then came and rolled me out of bed. The girls called for us in their car about 10:30 and we went out to Smith's for dinner, and O Boy! it sure was some dinner! I bet that I, alone and unassisted, made away with at least two whole chickens. Was a regular home dinner and it sure was fine. Can see how some that mother makes at home are appreciated by the boys there. Get plenty and good stuff in the camps but a home dinner is different. We get the same old stuff in the same old way day after day, and sometimes it gets monotonous. Afterward we had a good lot of singing and then we all did the dishes.

Went in the car to San Leon and gave the girls supper at the camp and they were pleased with it. Showed them the model that I was working on and, of course, they think they ought to have one.

Forgot to mention some fun I had when on as O.D. There is a rule that mosquito bars must be used and the O.D. has to make an inspection during the night to see that it

is done. I made two rounds and woke up R. both times and asked him why one corner of his bar was not dropped properly. He didn't like to be disturbed.

Mon. Nov. 4.

Received some ballots from home to-day, but my vote had been mailed before the ballots arrived. Might have made a slight change in my ballot but not much. If I didn't know just whom to vote for, I didn't vote. Regarding the pink ballot, the advice from the family was appreciated but was unnecessary. May be far from being as good as I might be, but that's one thing that I have no use for, and think that the sooner the State is voted dry the better.

Tues Nov. 5.

Had a Jazz trip with J.K. in the scout ship that attacks the camera gun formations. We put in 65 minutes and were doing some stunt all the time. Some day there is going to be an awful smash in that stage as they fly a close formation and the scout does its stunts within a few feet of the other ships. Jack would do a roll, starting it on the ship's right and coming out of it on the left of the

ship, or, in other words, fly along side of them and then roll over them. He would loop around them and spin down past them and then would come up in front and do an Immelman right over them while the formation went along under him and got out of his way. Some day his engine will quit and he will be in rather an embarrassing position. As long as nothing happens everything is Hunky Dory, but some day about six men will "go West" in one smash. That's the only way it will ever be stopped. They have come together a few times already in that stage but have had the Lord in the front seat with them.

Bill has been Acting Stage Commander for some time and now he is slated to take charge of the stage. We have just been working on some new stencils and it's rather late (or early I should say), so I think that I'll hit the hay. Gave Bill one of my photos with Observer's wing on. If I keep on I will be able to wear most any insignia.

Wed. Nov. 6.

Well, the best of them get it and Bill got his to-day. He was flying silhouettes and

was coming across the bay when the motor began to miss and cut out. He started at 500 feet and only had about 200 when he went to turn and the motor cut out entirely and he fell into a spin. B. was flying just a little ways from him and saw Bill spin around four times before he hit. He had gotten over the shore before he turned so he lit on land. B. landed beside him and tried to get Bill out of the wreck but couldn't do it as the wings had come down around him and there were wires and struts to be cut. L. came over and B. motioned him to go back to the field and report the wreck. Bill was partly conscious, but B. couldn't recognize him because of the blood coming from the cuts on his face and nose and ears. Bill recognized him and asked him if he was in a wreck, and when B. said "Yes," Bill wanted to know if he was driving and, when told that he was, he asked if it was on silhouettes and if there was a student along. B. then recognized him by his helmet and voice, and told him that there was a student along and Bill kept asking if he was hurt badly and if he was conscious. There Bill was with his face all cut and body all

bruised and his arm broken in three places, his leg broken below the knee, and in three places between the knee and hip, and his hip dislocated, and never a whimper out of him about himself but only worry about the other fellow. There's a man! He asked B. if he had sent for 1369 (the hospital ship), and B. was afraid that L. had not noticed him, so he took off and left his gunner. 1369 came over and they started to work to get Bill out of the wreck first, which they did. By the time that they got Bill out, the hospital ship from Ellington was there, and they sent Bill back in that. At first the report at the field was that they were both killed and I sure felt better when I found out that Bill, in spite of his injuries, was conscious. Rouse and I went over to Alvin to see the girls and tell C's about Bill's accident. They are sure like father and mother to some of us and to Bill especially. Couldn't get to see Bill this evening because of the shock, but he told Johnny how it happened. It was Bill's own ship, No. 41630, that he smashed up in, and I remember how he once said that the most noble death in the navy was for a commander to go down

with his ship and not desert her. We were talking about the use of parachutes in case of fire at high altitudes and he as much as said that he would stick to the ship. Bill was about the last man on the field that the boys would expect to crash, as he was among the oldest and best fliers on the post, and they are the pick of Ellington, as well as being the coolest and most careful.

Flying was called off soon afterward because of the weather, as it was blowing a regular gale and was full of bumps. The first time that we have called it off for anything but rain or fog since I've been here, and that is since the field was opened.

Thurs. Nov. 7.

Went over to the wreck before they hauled it off, and it's a wonder to me how Bill ever came out alive. He had evidently just got her out of the spin and got her nose started up when she hit as she was flat as a pancake. Everything broke into a dozen pieces, and especially in Bill's seat.

When I came back from the wreck I found out that thirty bombers had their "overseas," but my name was not on their

list. I figured that if I was left off this time I never would get them, and was planning on getting me a good shotgun and a .30 Govt. hunting rifle and prepare for my stay here, when one of the boys said that a friend of mine in the office at Ellington told him to tell me that my orders had come through but were being held. I hiked right into the office and asked why my orders were not given. They said that they had not arrived as yet, and then I reminded them of Army Regulations concerning the delay of orders, and he fussed through some papers and said, "O, I guess these are for you," as though he had never seen them before. He said that if I would stay until the first of Dec. he would recommend me for promotion. I counted to ten before I answered him and told him, very politely, that I was very anxious to get across and thanked him for all he had done for me and the assistance he had always given me and the square deal he had always given the boys under him in always looking out for their interests, etc.

Went up to Ellington to start to clear so that I could get away before my orders could be stopped. Saw Bill and he sure is a

mangled mass. They haven't done a thing to him, as they are waiting for him to get over the shock, and he surely is suffering. I told him about my orders and he said that he would be over with me in a month. Poor fellow! He doesn't know that he has done his last flying. Boy! I sure hope that I get a crack at the Huns before this war is ended and get a chance to get one for Bill before they get me. He taught me how to fly and broke me of impulsiveness that verged on to recklessness. Was continually coaching me in every little position that a fellow might possibly get into. I figure that his advice and example have saved my life in this game, and now he is crippled, most likely for life, and it's up to me to do his work and mine, and all I ask is that the Lord gives me a chance.

Rouse and I went to the field in R's motor and he took me around to all the different buildings that I have to clear at and then we went to Dickinson, on the way to San Leon, and I called up a couple of people to bid a fond farewell. Had a date with one girl to go to the dinner dance at Houston on Friday evening, with another to go to a dance at

Texas City on Sat. evening, and was going to another's house at Alvin for Sun. dinner. (Safety in numbers.) I put in calls for all three of them at once to call off the dates and, while I was talking to one, they got one of the others on the line. I finished talking and asked Central if the girl waiting on the line was the T. C. or A. girl and she told me the wrong one. I surely made a mess of it all around. I should worry. I'm going away and I'm not engaged to any of them, so they know that they are not the only girls that I bum around with.

Fri. Nov. 8.

Got all cleared this morning and took a one and a half ton truck and piled my baggage on it and hiked for E. They were working on Bill, so I couldn't take the 11:45 train, as I had planned, but sent my stuff into town and waited for Bill to come to. He came out of the gas before they had finished working on him and the first thing that he said was, "Doc. I don't know a thing about medicine but I'm a mechanical engineer and I know that you know your business." He then went to sleep for the first real sleep that

he has had. Yesterday the main thing that worried him was that the other fellow had died, and he kept asking if the fellows blamed him in any way. They certainly don't, as they all know that Bill did his best, but the odds were too much against him. I planned to take the three o'clock train but Bill was still asleep at that time, so I had the six or eight o'clock left, and if he had slept until then I would have stayed there a week, if necessary. The other fellows left this morning but I won't get lost. Plan on seeing father in Philadelphia, so will not let the folks know that I am at last started.

Bill scared me when he awoke as he said, in a good loud voice, in a room otherwise as still as death, "Well, Granny old boy, you're still with me." We had a helluva fine talk and fixed it up that I would see his folks and tell them about his accident when I hit N. Y. They had set his leg and arm and he was in good spirits and feeling fine. When I told him that I was leaving to-day, he asked about this peace rumor, and when I told him it was more or less bunk, his face brightened up and he said, "Boy, I'll be

over there with you in a month." He asked if I would take some advice from him and when I said I would he thought and then said: "Granny, in this game always remember one thing. You take a chance every time that you go up, but don't *ever* take any *unnecessary* or *foolish chances*." He sure acted a lot more cheerful than I felt when he said good-by. I told him that if I got across before the war was over that I would think of him in my first fight and promised that the first Hun that I drop will be for him.

I caught the 6:00 train out of H. Good-bye to Houston, Ellington, and San Leon. When I hit Houston I had a telegram (last Feb.) from the Adj. Gen. of the Army stating that I would take my training and would be ready for overseas by May 1st as a bombing pilot. It has all taught me a good lesson. Never expect anything and then you'll never be disappointed! They were a good bunch (on the average) at S. L., and I would have gotten a first out of it very shortly, as there were some firsts under me. We just got in some more cars, and that meant that I would get a Dodge and driver

all to myself, and as I was to have charge of the work at the new field as well as S. L. I would have a ship to go between the two. I knew any number of fine people and always had a good time, but, in spite of all that, I have no regrets about leaving as I want a chance to get in some active service. The only reason that I would care to stay is that Bill is in the hospital, but he's past danger now.

Sat. Nov. 9.

Thought that when I left S. L. I would not be bothered by mosquitoes but I guess that I forgot all that I had ever heard about New Orleans. We were crossing on a ferry-boat when they spied me and they weren't slow in getting into action. They have the practice of "attacking from a blind angle" down to a science and have a good stream line shape which increases their diving speed.

Have met a few fellows going to Garden City to be in the Handley-Page unit that is forming there. Wonder if that is what I am slated for.

Was rather surprised at the number of

pine trees in this country, as well as the wilderness of it, in what I thought was all cotton fields and sugarcane patches. Sure see a lot of ship-building going on. The way that they take the sap out of the pines to get rosin or turpentine is a dirty shame as it is sure to ruin the trees in time. They take off the bark and collect the sap in a receptacle that is fastened to the side of the tree. Haven't seen a respectable clearing all day nor a decent house. The country is a lot like northern Wisconsin.

The dollar meals in the diner are only costing the soldiers .75, and they sure are worth it. This dollar a meal is the only way to run it and give the public something for their money and still let the R.R. come out O.K. Am writing this in my berth. Read part of the day and played cards with another flying O. most of the day.

A number of people traveling are wearing gauze muzzles to keep the flu away. Some of the ladies have net-like veils hanging from their hats in front of their eyes and then heavier veils or gauze of the same color fastened below and covering their faces from their eyes down. Sort of a

"Persian mystery-lady" effect. May be that is the latest style and not a flu net, but I've lived out of the U. S. for so long that I don't know the difference. That's what living in Texas will do to a person.

Sun. Nov. 10.

Went through Atlanta about midnight. Georgia and So. Car. have a little more cultivated land than the States just passed through, but they are all small patches and all growing cotton. A number of the towns have most all the houses built the same all the way through. Evidently, some large interests built them. Don't see how a person could tell which house was his on the morning after the night before. The trees are turning red along in this part of the country excepting, of course, the pine trees. Fall is here all right. The soil is all of the peculiar red color, like in Okl. and in the northern part of Minn. where the ore deposits are. Saw an old log cabin with a flag hung up on the front of the building and a service flag in the window with three stars in it. The flag was a big one and must have cost the family considerable money and

from the looks of their little two-by-four cabin they can't be very well off. Almost all the factories and cotton mills seem to be new ones. I wonder if it is because of the war, high price of cotton, or the administration.

There are a number of girls on the train who are going to N. Y. and from there they are going across. Wonder if Pat will happen to be on the same boat as I, if I ever get that far. The morning paper says that the Kaiser has abdicated. That makes no difference as long as the armies continue to pull the stuff that they are now doing. They are in a tight hole but as yet have not been decisively beaten but have been making a masterly retreat. It gets harder every day, though, to keep up the retreat without letting their lines break.

In case that I shouldn't get over, I suppose that I won't be sent back to San Leon but will be sent to some concentration camp. I should worry. Met a couple of fellows on the train who went through ground school with me. They are on their way to Garden City. In case that it is not over before long—and I doubt if it will be this year—the U. S. will show the world something in the

line of air work that they won't forget for some time. It's an opportunity that the U. S. can't afford to miss. If it lasts six months more we will have a 160-mile-an-hour bombing plane on the front, and that is some plane. Our new bombing planes are being supplied with 8 hr. supplies of gas and oil, so that means some long-distance bombing. Communication by wireless between ships and the ground and between the ships themselves has been perfected, as well as a means of locating yourself when out of sight of the ground. And now it would be hell if we didn't get a chance to give Germany a taste of what she has given the parts of Belgium and France that she has occupied.

There are a number of boys on the train who are draftees from Alaska and are on their way to a camp in N. Y. Both my pals on the train have betook upon themselves a lady fair and taken her in to dinner, but as for myself. . . . I am a very sedate sort of a person. Wait until those girls all get into France and they sure will be treated like a bunch of goddesses. Took one of them in to supper this evening and then I took in another, as I was quite hungry.

Country gets hillier as you go north as well as having more and larger plots of land under cultivation. Couldn't get a berth so had to steal forty winks until about midnight and then we came into Washington and I changed trains and caught the B. & O. and had a good sleep. Woke up in N. Y.

TELEGRAM

Overseas orders canceled with baggage all on transport. Will try and see father at Philadelphia to-morrow. Town gone wild all day and night. Now stationed at Field No. 2, Garden City, Long Island.

GRANNY.

Mon. Nov. 11.

Went out to Newark and saw Bill's folks. Will have to get back there some time and visit them when they're all at home.

Got out to Garden City this afternoon and heard that my baggage had been sent to Hoboken and that everything was in readiness to sail, when they called things off this evening and, in view of the happenings over there, I suppose that we never will get across. Some boys were three days on the

ocean and they landed at N. Y. again. They landed two days ago, so I guess that the Govt. was quite sure that the armistice would be signed. Sure met a bunch of fellows that I knew at G. C. Must have met at least twenty in about an hour and then I went down town to the Holland House and met a mob more, as that is our official "hangout." Was sitting in the parlor on the settee with two girls and every minute or so some boy would come in and his eyes would pop out of his head and I'd have to get up and say "Howdy." They sure were glad to see me, and it tickled me myself. The girls said that they had heard about the French being affectionate in their greetings but that they had nothing on us, as about every other fellow would kiss me. Sure was glad to see them all.

The town is wide open although all the stores have been closed all the day. This morning, when I first heard the news, while glad, of course, that it is over, I felt mighty darn *blue*. Walked up Fifth Avenue and everyone was crazy happy and I could hardly keep the tears back and keep a stiff upper lip. It sure is tough to be on an in-

structor's job for six months, and then, just when you give up everything for a chance to get across, you lose out by a few days on getting any action.

There were sedate business men with their silk hats and canes walking up the Ave. with a couple of cow bells tied to their coat tails or an old wash tub trailing behind. Every car was full of yelling people and had signs and inscriptions all over the car and a tail of tin pans trailing along behind. Parades were formed everywhere and every person seemed to think it was his duty to furnish an appropriate float. All the business houses had their trucks full of tooting, yelling men and children. Kaiser Bill was hanged on about every other truck that came along. Some of the cars had inscriptions painted with whitewash right across the side of the car. Every one who could was walking up and down the streets or else parading for a change. Bands were formed with almost every man playing in a different uniform. A soldier on the street was the object of a special burst of tooting from a passing car with waving and yelling like mad. Reminded me of a celebration after a foot-

ball game or during carnival week, except that every one, old and young, were all gone crazy. One old man with white hair was riding on the bumper, or rather the radiator, with his feet on the bumper and was waving a flag with one hand and swinging his hat with the other. Girls were riding all over the engine hood, bumper and running board. Every one had a clever sign or saying on their particular vehicle.

In the evening and during the whole night the cafes were open to soldiers and sailors as well as civilians. Girls were everywhere and, if a fellow wanted one, he didn't have to stall a bit about it but merely smiled back at them and he would have a dozen. The Italians had a dozen little parades all their own and they would stop in front of every Italian flag and sing some song. There were groups of French and Belgian as well, although the French were pretty well mingled with the crowd. The French sailors were all decorated like some flag store on the 4th of July. At the Waldorf there were French generals and gobs and doughboys all hugging and kissing each other. No one ever thought of saluting any-

one. I met several fellows from St. Paul and a couple who used to go to M. A.

Finally decided to turn in, as I had had enough excitement for a fellow who was used to the wilds of that State called Texas. On the whole I was glad to be in N. Y. and see the demonstration and then I can truthfully say that I did not fight the whole war in Texas, as I've been away for a few days. This sure was the worst war I ever was in.

Thurs. Nov. 12.

Slept good and late this morning and then got up and bought a few necessities and then caught a train to Phil. I remembered that when Dad was there once before he stopped at the Adelpia Hotel, so I had no trouble finding out where he was. Had to go over to a meeting to get ahold of him. This town has a habit of building its streets just wide enough to put a street car track in and let it go at that.

Learned how a good Methodist calls another good Methodist a liar. Heard it at the meeting in one of their discussions. We went to a banquet at the City Club in the evening and heard an interesting talk from a

fellow who was just back from over there. Dad was pretty sleepy in the evening after the supper was over, so I caught the 12:30 train for N. Y. Had a good talk with him, though, as we talked over a lot of things that would be too intricate to write about.

Wed. Nov. 13.

The 12:30 got me into N. Y. at 4:00 in the morning, so I got a bite to eat and then caught a train at about 5:00 for G. C. Stole forty winks in some fellow's bed who wasn't back as yet, and then reported again.

After thinking over the celebration of last Monday there were some features of it that were rather disgusting. The number of drunken persons, soldiers and sailors included, was rather large. Their actions bordered on being rather rough, as everyone was more or less familiar with everyone else. O, well! It was once in a life time!

While buying some stuff in town yesterday I enjoyed watching an elderly lady make a purchase for her driver. It was a fur coat that cost \$165.00, but that seemed to be the least of her worries. He was a good type of an old English valet and it cer-

tainly was interesting to watch. About the time that he had finished trying on all the overcoats in the house another lady came in with her driver to buy him an overcoat, and then the real fun began. They both wanted to be waited upon at once and the poor clerk, or salesman, was up a stump. At last he sold the first lady a coat and then showed one of the same kind to the second lady, who remarked, with a casual glance at it and with her nose in the air, that she didn't "care for anything cheap." Then they both glared at each other with their drivers standing behind them like seconds in a boxing ring. After a bit it got so amusing that I laughed at them both, and then both stared at me as though I had insulted them and that broke up their fight.

Every day I bump into about a dozen fellows that I know. There are over two hundred at G. C., as most of my ground school class are there as well as about a hundred and fifty bombers whom I have had under instruction at S. L. Now that there is a chance for this thing to end, the fellows are wondering what the Govt. will do to them. Some of them are for getting out at once,

and some, mostly those who never could earn a living in civil life or else are too lazy to try, are planning on staying. Of course there are a few who are good men who are planning to stay with it but the majority are of the poorer grade. As for myself, I'll cross the bridge when I come to it and not until.

I certainly wish that the armistice hadn't been signed, as the Germans would have been licked proper in a couple of weeks. Then they never could put up a fight, for over one third of their army would have been captured, to say nothing of the equipment. As it is now, they can get their troops out of the trap they got caught in and retreat to the Rhine and then say that because of the Reds, they are unable to live up to the terms, and by that time they can have their troops all reorganized. I've got a lot of respect for the Kaiser's trickery, and I would give him credit for starting the revolution when he saw that his army was trapped so that there would be no system of Govt. that the Allies could look to for indemnities, etc. That Red movement is not likely to stay on the other side of the pond unless things are

handled mighty carefully in the future. They'll have to cut out this political party appeal bull and get down and study some absolutely new situations and conditions.

Thurs. Nov. 14.

Last night I slept in camp for the first time and was unable to locate my blankets. Had a cot and mattress saved, as I put a sign over them, "Taken, Capt. Islet," so all the lieutenants decided not to monkey with the captain's stuff. My fur coat was a god-send, as it got a little cold about midnight and toward morning it was darn cold. I threw a mattress over me, as well, but was not exactly comfortable. Was glad when morning arrived but it sure was mighty slow in arriving. Have got a little room all by myself while there are Captains and Firsts who are out in the barracks, warehouses, and tents. Nothing like having nerve to ask for and expect the best. Hope that I can keep it. Bought four new blankets and a clothing roll to-day.

Was nailed for football practice, and it was just my luck that they were playing a team from Camp Mills, so I was put in and

played most of the time. We won the game 29 to 0. Sure was tired afterward. I drop-kicked one to-day that was done on a bluff and was the best kick that I ever made. Can't convince them that I am *not* a drop-kicker after that.

Fri. Nov. 15.

Was rather stiff to-day but managed to get around O.K. Had a good hard workout this afternoon on signals that lasted for about three hours. Our coach is an old Colgate player and later coach. He is a pretty good sort and coaches a little differently from Williams or Dartmouth system. He tried me at both of the guards and tackles yesterday, so I don't know just what he is planning for me. Pretty fast company that I have to beat out anyway, but nothing will be lost in trying.

Am getting to be quite a musician, as I discovered a player piano in one of the mess halls and sat and played until taps. Most of my musical talent lies in my feet I guess, as you have to pump the thing with your feet, and I'm some little pumper.

Sat. Nov. 16.

Played the New London Naval Base today and won from them 14-6 in a mighty good game. We made the first touchdown and had things our way until they intercepted a forward and then made a successful pass and put her over but failed to kick goal. In the second quarter it was a listless, high school seesaw game, but in the third we came back with a vengeance and took the ball right up the field for a touchdown. Between halves the coach asked if there was any man who could handle his man, and I said that I could, so he told the quarter to plug the plays over me, and he sure obeyed instructions. Nine out of ten plays were on the inside or outside of me and maybe I didn't work to open up the holes. That was the first time in a football game that I ever worked so hard and fast that I got so weak I couldn't stand and the field was spinning around, but about that time we made our touchdown and I got a chance to get my second wind. Through it all I could hear "Atta boy, Granny, do it again for Mechanics." After the game I tried to find who it was, but had no luck, as the crowd was too

big. The second half I wore out five men, which was doing fairly well considering that I hadn't had much training. Their coach kept putting in new men in an effort to stop our plugging on that side but to no avail. He even sent in one man to try and start a fight with me, but I let him clout me twice, and the third time he tried the referee saw it and out he went. On the whole, it was a good game and a good bunch of fellows to play against. There were only four of us who lasted the whole game. Played right tackle and they never gained an inch through me, but I was lucky at that, as a few times they had me boxed but the man with the ball didn't see the hole and tried some other place. Their quarter insulted me, though, when he had three to go on fourth down and he tried to play through me, so I dinged him for a loss and then stepped on his hand to boot, for good luck.

We had a dance this evening at the Holland House (our official hangout) and "a good time was had by all." Met a number of nice girls and had some good dances. Had one dance with one of the chaperons who got me cornered and then started on

that old line of questions regarding aviation: "How high have you been up?" "How did it feel the first time you were up?" "What do you do if your engine stops?" "O, yes, and what is a tail spin?" Met a couple of real nice girls who asked us out to some canteen to-morrow where they are going to be. The whole bunch of them came up with chaperons and were classed as "Debies." That name is strictly among ourselves though. The same way that other girls are classified as "Gold-diggers," or "Dinner hounds," or "Bricks," etc. I didn't take a name, telephone number, or address, which was doing pretty good, as some of the fellows play this game with a pencil in one hand and notebook in the other and then keep a Dun and Bradstreet in their room.

Sun. Nov. 17.

Got up this morning in spite of the stiffness from the game and the dance last night and went to a church in a rain. If I couldn't preach a better sermon than the one he did, I'd eat my hat. He talked about cooperation between the churches and prac-

ticed what he preached by sarcastically referring to the various other churches as the "howling Methodists," "dignified Episcopalians" and "sage Presbyterians." He had the right hunch in regard to the boys coming home a spiritual bunch, but he gave the impression that it was because of their fear of death which made them that way. He is mistaken there, I think, as it's not fear of death. A man's not afraid to die, but he knows and feels a power stronger than human power that pulls him through a tight pinch when human means are not sufficient. As it is often expressed after a smash where some fellow came out alive, when by all rules and regulations he ought to have been bumped off, "he had the Lord in the front seat."

In the afternoon McP. and I went out to the canteen where the girls invited us. It was out on Riverside Drive where the sailors from the various ships could reach it. There were quite a number of battleships in the river. They were all sizes and descriptions and all camouflaged so that, even at that short distance, it was hard to make out their shapes, as it was quite foggy.

The canteen was a wonderful one and a new idea to me. There was a number of chaperons, and each of them brought some girls from the best of families who would talk to the different fellows, everyone joining a group of three or four or so. The British, French, and Jacks were all mixed up together, and a band from a British boat played most of the afternoon. They ran a canteen where the fellows could get a good meal or a lunch or ice cream at reasonable prices.

Had a good talk with the girls whom we met at the dance last night and found out, in the course of the conversation, that the girls are working in some war work office for \$30.00 a month and, what is rather peculiar, they both go to and from their work in their cars and have the chauffeur call for them when the day's work is over. Rather interesting girls too. Their chauffeur called for them at the canteen, where the girls put in their Sunday afternoons, and both of them had Packard Sedans.

Mon. Nov. 18.

Got up and did some shopping, as I

needed a lot of stuff. Also bought some music for H. S. which I sent to them. Was planning on going to Hoboken for some stuff at the Q. M.'s but the weather was so nasty that I went to see Chaplin in his latest, which surely was a scream. Was excused from the morning roll call and stayed away from football in the afternoon, as I figured that the weather was too bad for football. Maybe the coach will have a different idea about it, but I should worry. Didn't get out to camp at all to-day.

A number of the fellows are wondering just what the Govt. is going to do with them and are planning all sorts of things. I am really undecided, myself, just what to do. Would prefer San Leon to this job, as I could get some flying in there while I can't do that here. Then, of course, they may discontinue the school, as it is a training school. There are a few good men who will stay in the service for love of the game, and should I give up my work in college to stay in, it would be because of the fascination of the work. It's a known fact, though, that if you stay with it long enough it'll get you, but what's the difference? If it doesn't

come one way it'll come another. What would be ideal would be to get my license, promotion, and stay in active service until next fall and then get a leave to attend college, or else be put on in active duty until I finish college. Then when I'm through, get another promotion and go back into it to stay until I got enough of it or it got me. Surely wish I knew what was in store for me, but will have to take a chance, and I think it's about time that my luck changed.

Tues. Nov. 19.

The boys had practice yesterday and had a party given them in the evening, but I should worry about that. On my way out to the field this morning I met a fellow who bunked next to me in Feb. at Ellington. He is stationed at this field and is having a good time with the work. Besides a number of JN₄Hs they have a number of Ds and DHs and some Handley-Page and Thomas-Morses. A fellow gets training on about all of them. The Scouts certainly are little buzzing rascals, but the boys all agree that the DHs are the best of them all.

We played an infantry team from Camp

Mills this afternoon and won 21—0. They certainly believe in giving us plenty of games, as we have another to-morrow. I played all the game but the last three minutes when I got a twisted ankle. Was carrying the ball on a tackle around play when about three of them hit me all at once, and, as there were a couple more that piled on, it made quite a pile and somehow my ankle got such a twist that I couldn't use it at all. Got me over to the barracks. Managed to get up to a chalk talk this evening, and the coach insisted that I go to the hospital, so he got a car to take me. He got special permission to have them put me up for the night without an entrance slip so that I can get out the first thing in the morning, for they like to keep a fellow in the hospital once they get him there. They worked on the ankle all night, for we have a game to-morrow and another one Saturday and the coach wants me fixed up. When an orderly wasn't rubbing it there were hot towels on it.

Wed. Nov. 20.

When I thought that I was going to get

out, the doctor came around and looked at my ankle and said that it was broken, so they put me in a chair and hauled me into an X-ray room and took a couple of snaps and then hauled me back. They won't even let me try to walk on it. They taped it all up so that the tape is like a light cast.

Last night I came over here without any supper so "Tex," the cook during the night, soon had a wonderful midnight dinner fixed up for me. He knew me from playing on the team.

Went to a show at the Red Cross House in the evening, on crutches, along with the rest of the cripples and invalids and they sure had some bill, as they had acts from most all the shows in town. Dancing, singing, comedians, 'n everything. Had a number of sailors in different acts from some training station near here, and those boys sure could dance. There's something about a sailor's life that tends toward making a dancer out of him.

The boys won their game to-day from some undefeated naval team coached by an All-American Harvard man. Score 20—6.

If they win the game on Sat., it will put us on a level with Great Lakes.

Thurs. Nov. 21.

They let me walk around a bit to-day and have decided that there is no break but that it is a bad sprain. Right here I want to say what I think of the nurses. They sure are the best in the world! Many are college girls, with a few old nurses. They all are jolly too, and know how to handle a bunch of fellows so that the time in the hospital passes quickly. They know their business and on the whole are the best possible. The Govt. is sending across any number of American nurses, and I bet that they are a joy to a wounded doughboy's heart. There are also a number of girls who are in some motor corps work. They wear their uniforms and sure look fine and can drive a car like a streak through the heart of the city.

Had a lot of fun in the ward to-day, as there were four boys in the ward who were operated on this morning and were coming out of the gas. They were talking and the boys would ask them all sorts of questions. All of them who talked, talked about their

girls. One of them started by yelling: "One-ninety-four in the shade. What the hell use have I got for a kerosene stove? How much am I offered, boys?" And then he auctioned it off. The bidding was going up a dollar at a time when one of the boys raised it ten dollars, and the boy under gas heard it and said, disgustedly, "I've seen a better head on an umbrella than that fellow has on his shoulders." He then gave a wonderful speech on the Republican platform and explained the protective tariff to perfection, so I asked him if he were a Democrat, and I can't write what he said. Again he was ordering dinner in a hotel for himself and two girls and was raving about the service since the war and ended by saying that such a place couldn't "earn enough to buy the bird-seed for a cuckoo clock!" Then the nurse came around and spoke to him and he started talking about his girl. He told us her name and where she lived and what sort of a looking girl she was, and also how she was a whole lot too good for him.

Another fellow wanted some moonshine whiskey, so the nurse brought him some

water and gave him a spoonful and he said, "Bah, Water! All that's good for is to wash in and put under bridges."

Another fellow thought that he was on a steamer firing up the boilers. He kept yelling: "Shut the port holes! Fire her up, boys! She blows off at two hundred!"

Everyone in the ward was sick from laughing, and one poor cuss tore open his wound, as the stitches had been taken out a few days before, but the laughing got the best of it. They were all enlisted men but one, a former student of mine in the South. The officers' ward was full the day they brought me in and afterward I didn't care to change. Had good meals in the place too, even if it was grub for the enlisted men. I used to get a midnight luncheon of an egg sandwich or some milk or apples.

Fri. Nov. 22.

Just when I was all set to go this morning the doctor said that I had better wait until the afternoon. That's the way they keep you. Took a walk and managed to get up to the post office and got a letter from mother's friend, Mrs. H., who invited me in

to take tea with her. Called her up and accepted, and then told the doctor about it and said that if he wouldn't let me out I was going anyway, so he said that if I felt that good, he would let me out to-day and I was officially released. Watched the football practice but don't think that I will be fit to play even by Thanksgiving.

Sat. Nov. 23.

The coach gave me a RR. ticket to the place where they are going to play but decided not to go, so I went into N. Y. and then out to Newark, N. J., to see Bill's folks. Had a fine visit with them and stayed for dinner. His brother John has gone down to Texas to stay with Bill, but his younger brother and his father were at home, as well as his mother. Even as yet, they don't know that Bill has got a silver bar in both his arm and leg. Sure would like to see him although I hear how he is getting along, as a number of boys write, and a few have arrived here from the field. Went back to N. Y. in the evening and after taking a girl home who lived out about a hundred miles, I got back to the hotel and got to bed. This

sure is a hard war. Wait until I get my hands on the boy who told me to help him out, as this girl only lived "out a little ways."

Sun. Nov. 24.

Decided not to go to church this morning after my experience last Sun. as well as last night, and I need the sleep. Went out to Mrs. J. H.'s in the evening and met a bunch of people. A couple of boys who had been returned from "overseas" were there. I'd give most anything for the little service and wound chevrons that they had on their arms if I could only wear them rightfully. Played all sorts of games and had a wonderfully jolly time all around. Met a number of interesting girls but, like the fool that I am, I failed to take a phone number or address. Met a fine Naval Dr. and a number of other naval officers. Caught a Sub back to the hotel and wrote the folks a note.

All the fellows are wondering what they should do as there are blanks around to state whether you want an immediate discharge (and give reasons) or want to apply for a commission in the Reserve or Regulars. You choose and give reasons and qualifications,

and they do the rest. All the officers will be discharged and then they will recommission those whom they want to keep. Of course the Regular Army officers will not be discharged. There will be practically no promotions put through now, so I doubt if I will stay in unless they will give me a First (Flying Officer as now) in the Regulars. Heard that they are going to take 4,000 officers for the Provost General's Department, Army of Occupation and will take all of them from some other department, but I think that I would rather go without my service stripes than get them that way. That would mean police duty in the occupied territory. Better pick all the Irish for the police jobs.

Mon. Nov. 25.

Went out to camp to see what it looked like. Have not had to answer at the formation because of football. The rest of the fellows have to drill and stand two formations a day. Got out in the afternoon and found that they had just been looking for me, as there were some orders for me. Thought that the boys were kidding at first

but soon got my orders to report to Ellington Field.

Well, I've had a nice visit at this place! Was fortunate to be here at the time of the celebration and really am fortunate to get my orders back to San Leon, as I've got no chance to get across now. Got my orders without any "pull" at that, which is out of the ordinary.

Am going to try to get home but rather doubt the possibility unless I can get them to date my departure ahead a few days, and that's rather risky business. Have a cold and a bad ankle, so I ought to be able to get plenty of sympathy along the road. Every one here puts themselves out to do you a favor in any manner possible. Even a little newsy walked two blocks with me to show me where I caught a car, and the conductors on the subways and cars all helped me on and off. A taxi driver who stood about four feet high wanted to help me out of the cab over in Newark, and if I'd ever fallen on him he would have been flattened. (Not flattered!)

I haven't the least idea what the Govt. will do with me, and care less! A number

of the boys in that first class of bombers have been shot down and are now pushing up daisies in France—and, as long as I live, I'll never get over having regrets because I was not with them. No use crying over spilt milk, though, and I was glad that I got to see father. Just the same, as I explained to him, I sure wish the armistice hadn't been signed *just yet*.

Taken from the "M" for February, 1919,
St. Paul, Minnesota:

"GONE WEST"

By J. A. NORTON

"Granny's" High School Teacher and
Athletic Coach of Many Years

Granville G——, Lieutenant, U. S. A.,
Born April 9, 1897 Died Dec. 4, 1918

Over a mound in a village burial ground in southern Minnesota, a stranger may at some future date read that simple epitaph, which to him may carry no message beyond the bare facts there recorded. But to us who know, it would bring glad memories and a feeling of gratitude for a life and, more than that, for a death, which taught us

much about the beauty that is possible in the soul of a man-boy, the Spirit of "Granny."

Generous, clean, square and honest, Granny won friends because he was a friend, in the classroom and on the field of play. These characteristics brought him into unusually close relationship with his teachers and he never fell short of their expectations. At heart always a boy, with all the fun-loving exuberance and mischievous tricks of a lad—his pranks never tinged with malice—he was yet strangely mature and on countless occasions surprised us by his seriousness and depth.

School spirit is a well-nigh indefinable thing, yet to me he typified the ideal Mechanic Arts Spirit. Ambitious in athletics, as in other activities, he yet never failed to submerge his personal ambitions in the common effort to bring glory to the Blue and White. A quotation from his diary: "To just go ahead and try your darnedest to do your duty and let those who are working for their own selfish interests do as they please," recalls one certain incident to my mind, which illustrates his unselfishness and strength of character. He

was sent into a certain important game with "set" instructions as to how to play his position, and with orders to follow the instructions throughout the game, even though his own judgment might dictate otherwise. He obeyed orders despite all criticism during the game, and as a result was unjustly blamed by the spectators. Although deeply hurt and much disgusted by the selfishness of others who had failed to play their parts, he fought out his battle alone and took the blame without bitterness or complaint. This incident gave some of us a glimpse of his real depth of character.

It is an almost invariable fact that we get our ideals and inspirations from our elders, But I, personally, feel that I have been given a new attitude toward life and death by the life and passing of this one who was younger than I. I know of no better way to express my meaning than to tell of the manner of his death.

"Over the top" for Granny began on November 11th, the day on which the armistice was signed. En route to the flying fields of France—he was "Going East"—he was ordered back to New York to await

further orders. He was later ordered to return to the aviation camp in Texas, and although suffering from a cold he left at once. When he reached St. Louis his condition made it necessary to consult a physician, who told him that if he went on to Texas he would be gambling with death. Granny's reply was, "My orders read 'Ellington Field.'" From St. Louis to Ellington Field he evidently traveled "on his nerve," for he collapsed as he was entering the Ellington Hospital. Hospital officials notified his parents of his serious condition, and Granny himself soon realized that the odds were against him.

Knowing that but a few hours remained for him and that his mother was coming from Minnesota, he sent for a fellow officer, to whom he gave detailed instructions as to the disposal of his effects. He then dictated a farewell letter to his mother and requested that the nurse keep it until after his passing, that the last hours with his mother might be untroubled. This was his letter:

"Dear Mother: The odds are against me. There is a good chance that I might not be able to stick it out until you get here. I am

not afraid of death, but would like to live long enough at least to see you. I have lived the right sort of life, and know the Lord will take care of me.

“Your loving son,
“Granny.”

Granny's mother reached him in the late evening of December 3rd, and remained with him until the end. With unshaken nerve he hid from her every evidence of the rapid ebbing of his strength. With whimsical humor he insisted that the nurse join him in tasting the jam which his mother had brought. Not once throughout the night did this boy-man betray to her his condition, though when the bugles sounded reveille, which marked for him the “zero hour,” he bit his lips as if in protest. An hour later, still clasping his mother's hand, and with a smile on his lips, Granny “went West.”

HEADQUARTERS AERIAL GUNNERY
SCHOOL FOR BOMBERS, SAN LEON,
TEXAS, January 21, 1919.
To MR. & MRS. G.

The writer, for the Officers at this Post,

has had forwarded to you a loving cup bearing a suitable inscription in memory of your son, Lieut. Granville G——, who died while in the service of his country.

The inscription which appears on the cup is herein quoted :

“A token of sincerest
Affection and esteem

For

Lieutenant Granville G——

Who died in the service of his Country

December 4, 1918

From his Brother Officers at San Leon who
loved him as a friend and respected
him as a soldier and who will
miss him always.”

“Granny,” as he was familiarly known to all of us, had been a very close friend of the writer during his course in bombing at Ellington Field, as well as while taking the gunnery course at this field, and later on as an Officer of the Post, in the capacity of Officer in Charge of Ground Instruction.

He had become so closely attached to one and all at this field that it was with the deepest regret that we saw him leave, and when

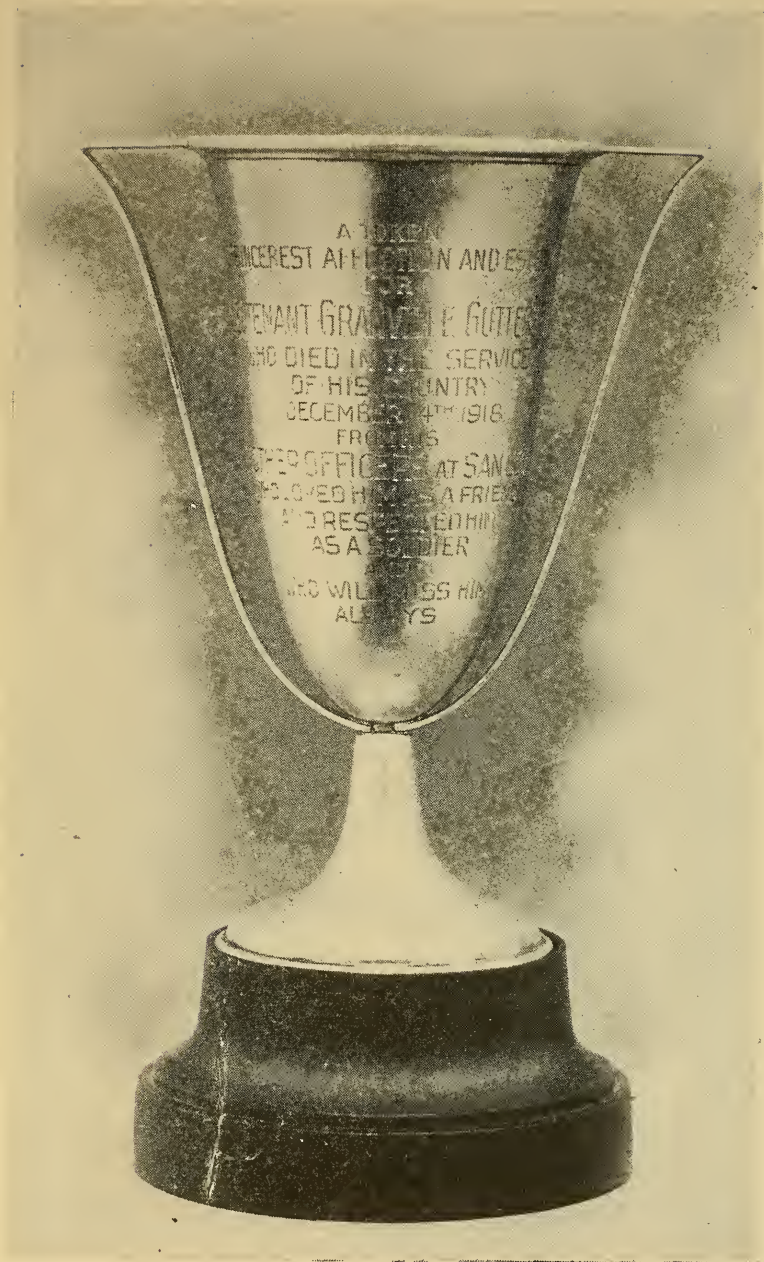
we found that Oversea Orders were being held up, we very quickly took the necessary steps to have him return to this field so that he might again become one of the Official Family as formerly.

With this cup goes forth the heartfelt sympathy of the entire command, and it is sincerely hoped that when the presence of this cup recalls the memory of "Granny" that the thoughts of his former associates at this Post will as well appear in your minds.

J. C. Martin,
2nd Lt. A. S. (A)

JCM:R

Adjutant.



THE LOVING CUP, EMBLEM OF VICTORY, SENT TO
GRANNY'S FAMILY BY HIS BROTHER OFFICERS

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.

Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide

Treatment Date: MAY 2001

Preservation Technologies

A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive

Cranston, Rhode Island 02906



WERT
BOOKBINDING
Grantville, Pa
JULY - AUG 1989
We're Quality Bound

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 007 690 437 6

